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DRILLING THE CREW OF THE "VIGILANT."—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

"Haul aft the Flying-jib Sheet!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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MACHINE-MADE SENATORS.

THAT the Senate of the United States has lost much of the high standing it once had in popular estimation is a fact universally recognized and as universally deplored. This decline may be ascribed to various causes. One is the invasion of the Senate by rich men who would never have been thought of for high public positions but for their wealth, and some of whom got their seats in the Senate by means that will not bear investigation. But while this is one of the causes, it is not the principal one. Of farther-reaching effect has been the spoils system, which, by throwing the control of party organizations into the hands of self-seeking politicians, by promoting the building up of mercenary party machines, and by substituting in the leadership of parties for public-spirited leaders of opinion the chiefs of bands of place-hunters, has driven out of active public life a large proportion of the best statesmanlike ability and self-respecting patriotism of the country. This effect is most strikingly illustrated in the Senate of the United States.

The greatest States of this Union, in point of population and wealth, are New York and Pennsylvania. Their industrial and commercial interests are immense in magnitude and variety. In their great cities are the financial headquarters of a majority of our most important corporate enterprises. More than any others they are interested in a national economic policy, and especially in a sound monetary system. Their spokesmen in the highest law-making body of the national government should be men of such ability, character, knowledge, and statesmanlike views that their fellow-Senators would instinctively look to them in such things for advice and guidance. But what do we behold? It is no exaggeration to say that neither New York nor Pennsylvania has a single Senator whose opinions, if he has any, on economic or financial subjects, or, for that matter, on any other problem of statesmanship, carry the slightest weight with the legislative body in which he sits, or with the community at large, except as the vote he casts counts one this way or the other. As to the intellectual business of law-making, the four Senators are absolute nonentities.

The oldest of them in years of service is Senator CAMERON, from Pennsylvania. He speaks very rarely, and when he does break his habitual silence it becomes at once apparent that he has nothing to say that would be missed if it had not been said. He recently read to the Senate some remarks against the repeal of the SHERMAN law so full of absurdly incongruous propositions that those who listened to them must have marvelled how a sane man could have jumbled them together. They may have excited some speculation as to the motives which had prompted them and induced him to set himself so cynically against the interests of his constituency. Thus his utterances may be taken notice of as curiosities. Beyond this they will not be considered as of any importance whatever, for he has neither any influence to risk nor any reputation for statesmanship to lose.

His colleague, "MATT" QUAY, is well known to the country. As nobody expects from him any opinion of value on any question of public concern, nobody is disappointed when he fails to express any. Even if he did say anything sensible on matters of that kind, nobody would, on account of his reputation as a wire-puller, take it as an honest argument, because everybody would instinctively inquire what sort of political jugglery there might be at the bottom of it. Of course Mr. QUAY'S vote counts one; but that is all. Whether he will cast that vote one way or the other will always wholly depend upon his view as to how it will affect the fortunes of his party in his State, or rather his own fortunes as the manager of his party in his State.

The senior Senator from New York, Mr. DAVID B. HILL, possesses a certain kind of mental agility, and also some fluency of speech. But he is an incurable victim of the idea that he ought to be President of the United States, and that he would have been nominated and elected to that high office had not the "better element," embodied in the person of Mr. CLEVELAND, robbed him of his dues. The whole activity of his intellect revolves around this one subject, and, unfortunately for him, this is universally known. Mr. HILL'S doings and sayings with regard to public questions have, therefore, to the Senate and to the general public only a pathological interest. When, for instance, Mr. HILL recently made a speech on the repeal of the SHERMAN act, nobody expected from him any argument of value, for he had on a former occasion, by uttering some borrowed phrases of occult meaning, sufficiently demonstrated that the monetary question was entirely beyond his mental range. There was, indeed, some curiosity to see how he would manage to infuse into his speech on silver the accustomed deviltry against Mr. CLEVELAND, and to balance his imaginary Presidential possibilities between the free-silver-coinage men of the West and the "gold-bugs" of the East. As his attacks on Mr. CLEVELAND as well as his strategic manœuvrings for the Presidency have become wholly innocuous, they serve to afford some melancholy entertainment, like the pranks of a maniac who is full of sinister purposes and making savage faces while really incapable of doing much harm; but a man so situated before the public cannot exercise any influence whatever upon the opinions of Congress or of the country.

As to our junior Senator, Mr. MURPHY, the story was told that when, at the beginning of the present special session of Congress, he was asked what he thought of President CLEVELAND'S message on the silver question, he answered he had not read the message and did not care much to read it. We will not vouch for the truth of this story; but it will be generally admitted that if it were found to be true it would create no surprise. Whenever Senator MURPHY says that he does not care to read a state paper, ever so important, everybody will believe him at once. Among the men in the Senate as to whom it is completely indifferent what opinions they hold, except as to their votes, Mr. MURPHY stands in the very first rank. He is the ideal zero.

Such are the representatives of New York and Pennsylvania, the most important States of this Union, in the Senate of the United States. Every self-respecting citizen of those great commonwealths must hang his head in shame when he thinks of it. How did CAMERON and QUAY, HILL and MURPHY, ever get into the Senate? They would certainly not be there had the intelligence and patriotism of either party in Pennsylvania and New York been permitted to cast the decisive vote. The party machines put them where they are, to the disgrace of their States, and in defiance of public sentiment. The Republican machine in Pennsylvania, the Democratic machine in New York, one as bad as the other, both drawing their vital force and sustenance from the same source—the spoils system. Break down the spoils system in Federal, State, and municipal government, and the machine will have lost its power. When will the people of New York and Pennsylvania, who, as they are represented in the highest law-making body of the republic, have become objects of pity and derision, become alive to the necessity of throwing off a yoke which is so derogatory to their honor and so hurtful to their interests?

THE REPEAL BILL IN THE SENATE.

THE repeal bill will probably pass the Senate. There is hardly any doubt that a vote will be taken, and a majority of the Senators are known to favor repeal. The attitude of the minority of the Senate is perplexing and discouraging. It shows a distinct and extensive degradation. The Senate has been looked upon as a body of great dignity. It has been regarded by political philosophers, at home and abroad, as one of the finest legislative organizations in the world. It is evident, however, to observers of its present attitude that it is living on its traditions. Until recent years the rule of courtesy which required that every Senator should be heard as often as he desired to speak was not abused. The rule put Senators upon their honor, and they were governed by their self-respect and their regard for the rights of their fellow-Senators. The Senators of the elder day did not resort to obstruction, because obstruction ought to be reserved as the resort of a minority whose rights are so threatened that they are ready to go to the verge of rebellion and revolution.

Times have changed. The Senators who threaten to defeat the repeal bill by filibustering are angrily protesting against what they call the oppression of the mild leadership of Mr. VOORHEES, who simply asks them to fix a day when they will be ready to take a vote. Relying on traditional courtesy, they decline to permit the Senate to vote on the pending bill. They have asserted on the floor that, rather than permit a vote, they will put the majority to the inconvenience and to the danger to health and life of continuous and all-night sessions. The traditional courtesy of the Senate protected Mr. STEWART in a ruffianly attack on the President, which was an insult to the country and degrading to the body by which the assault was tolerated. Apparently the absence of restraint no longer puts Senators on their honor. Once the rule illustrated the conscience and dignified self-respect of Senators; now it seems to furnish an opportunity for Senators to defy the majority and the desires and commands of the country.

The history of the relations of the Senate to the bill does not end here. It is all a tale of petty politics that raises a serious question as to the constitution of the body. Tricks have been proposed with the election bill; reprisals have been urged by the protected interests; bargains have been suggested by which the country's distress might be relieved for a price. All this goes to the character of the Senate, and the inquiry is raised as to its value—as to whether, after all, the system that places the small States on a level with the large States is not wrong; as to the wisdom of preserving the existing methods of electing Senators.

It is because the Senate appears to have fallen so low that repeal may be confidently expected. The logical outcome of the position taken by the obstructionists has been stated on the floor by several Senators. It is that no vote can be taken except by unanimous consent. The absurdity and imbecility of this position is sure to dawn upon the minds of those whose words and conduct at present seem to indicate that they are reckless and blinded by fury. Senators, as the WEEKLY is in a position to know, are beginning to realize that the abuse of the rule of courtesy must result either in making the Senate useless and hateful to the country or in the change of the rule, the non-abuse of which heretofore has marked the Senate as the most dignified and independent legislative body in the world. This being so, it is inevitable that obstruction should cease in time and the bill pass. But, meanwhile, the Senate's reputation has suffered serious damage, from which it may never recover.

THE VAN ALEN CASE.

THE appointment of Mr. J. J. VAN ALEN as Ambassador to Italy has been received with a good deal of adverse, even indignant, criticism. If the principal charge were true, not only would the indignation be justified, but the Senate ought to refuse its sanction to the corrupt bargain by rejecting the nomination. The charge is that Mr. VAN ALEN contributed $40,000 or $50,000—the amount is thus variously stated—to the Democratic campaign fund in 1892, in consideration that if Mr. CLEVELAND were elected he would appoint Mr. VAN ALEN as Minister to Rome. This is the only serious and credible charge that has been made against the appointee. The other accusations against him do not rise to the dignity of demanding a refutation.

The untruthfulness of the main charge has been shown by Mr. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY in a calm and convincing letter to the newspaper which has been most active in spreading it abroad. Mr. WHITNEY was said to have made the corrupt bargain, but he proves that there was no bargain at all. As for the President, the WEEKLY is in a position to state that he was ignorant that Mr. VAN ALEN'S "claims" to the appointment rested upon any other basis than his fitness for the place, and that he was the almost if not quite unanimous choice of the Democrats of Rhode Island.

Mr. VAN ALEN is a Harvard graduate and a gentleman of wealth and leisure who has lived in England and Newport. He is devoted to society and sports. Very recently he took an interest in the politics of his native country. His father was a New York merchant, and Mr. VAN ALEN himself married a Miss ASTOR. His entrance into politics was inspired by his admiration for Mr. CLEVELAND. Beyond this, he preferred the Democratic party because he did not like the protective tariff. Mr. VAN ALEN contributed liberally to the Democratic campaign fund, but not as largely as is reported, and not more in proportion to his wealth than many others. Afterwards he was asked by Mr. WHITNEY if he would like to be Minister to Italy. After a long delay, and after Italy had raised its mission to this country to an embassy, Mr. VAN ALEN was appointed. He was recommended and urged by the Democrats of Rhode Island, who asked for no other diplomatic appointment.

This is the simple story of a matter that has filled the daily press with many and loud outcries and with much coarse personal abuse. Unfortunately, diplomatic appointments in the United States are made on partisan grounds. Untried men, without diplomatic training or experience, are sent abroad as representatives of this government. So inevitable are wholesale changes at the incoming of a new administration that it has come to be the rule that all ministers resign on the inauguration of a new President. Mr. VAN ALEN'S appointment is no worse and no better than hundreds of others that excited no comment. The assumption that Mr. CLEVELAND ratified a corrupt bargain is a baseless slander from which his official conduct should have protected him. He appointed a Democratic partisan, whom he found not unworthy, on the recommendation of other Democratic partisans. Whatever odium attaches to the selection rests on the system, not on the President.

POLITICS IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic primaries in the State have been generally carried by the machine, and have plainly indicated that the leadership of MURPHY, HILL, CROKER, and SHEEHAN is not to be disputed. There was no organized and serious opposition. The anti-snappers and other friends of the administration have made no effort to save their party and the State from the disgrace which the bosses have decreed. The Republicans seem to be like-minded. What organization they once had appears to be gone. PLATT alone remains as the embodiment of the Republican machine. He has found difficulty in obtaining a proper candidate. One after another well-equipped Republican lawyer declined to contest MAYNARD'S election.

It is easy to explain this state of things in both parties as general apathy, but there is a deeper cause than indifference. The politicians are waiting for next year. Then there will be a Governor and Congressional delegation to elect, and that to them is a matter of some importance. The election of a judge for the highest tribunal in the State does not greatly interest these people. A judge of the Court of Appeals has no patronage, no receiverships, refereeships, commissionerships, or other valuable gifts to bestow upon favorites and workers. Therefore the nomination for the position does not greatly concern the "boys." They often permit it to go to a good man, so careless are they on this point. This year the Democratic nomination goes to one for whose defeat good citizens of all parties should array themselves.

The Democratic friends of the administration and the anti-snappers, who happen also to be politicians, were willing that MURPHY should be chosen Senator, because such a selection would make the machine the easier to defeat. Democrats, they said, would not tolerate a machine that would produce such Senatorial material. But the machine still continues to grind out its unworthy candidates, and now the same good Democrats are willing that MAYNARD should be nominated for judge because he will be defeated at the polls, and his defeat will be a needed lesson to the bosses. Will he be defeated? Will these good Democrats help to defeat him? Will they not cast their ballots for him?

As for the Republican bosses, they probably would like MAYNARD to be elected, on the theory that the triumph of such a man would arouse the people of the State to revolt against the Democratic party. Such is the state of politics in New York this year. The court of last resort is threatened with defilement in order that the politicians in and out of the Democratic party who are opposed to the machine may gain an advantage in the struggle for Governor and Congressmen in 1894, and among those who are engaged in the pitiable and corrupt struggle are men who have heretofore seemed to deserve well of their countrymen.

ABUSE OF CROSS-EXAMINATION.

A RECENT trial in one of our criminal courts has called the attention of the public to the great license which is permitted in the cross-examination of witnesses. The subject is not new, and our people have become so thoroughly accustomed to the explorations of lawyers into the private lives of men and women, under pretence of cross-examination, that it is only when the accustomed line is crossed that the public sentiment is, or professes to be, deeply shocked.

Nothing illustrates the difference between the practice of the continental nations of Europe and our own so deeply as this very subject of cross-examination. Indeed, cross-examination, as we understand the expression, is scarcely known in those countries. There is none at all in civil trials, and the utmost that the French barrister, in criminal cases, is permitted to do is to suggest that certain questions be asked by the presiding justice; but that official generally looks with suspicion upon any such interference with his own functions, and is apt to shrug his shoulders politely, and to suggest that such a question is entirely irrelevant. After this, belonging as he does to a courteous race, he sometimes does address himself to the witness in the manner suggested; but he does it in such a way that the counsel is not encouraged to renew the attempt. This, of course, is a peculiarity of the system, and is accepted as the proper method of conducting such controversies. It certainly has the advantage of keeping the floodgates of scandal closed, and permitting an important criminal trial to be completed without dragging innocent persons into its publicity, without blasting reputations, and without inflicting deep distress upon parties not directly connected with the alleged offence. But, whether good or bad, the system is a logical and coherent one. Cross-examination has for its object to elicit facts which the other side has not cared to elicit. It presupposes an antagonist in the one who conducts the direct examination. But this theory wholly fails where, as under the system of the Code Napoleon, the presiding magistrate, who has already studied the case, examines the witnesses himself. The presumption is that he seeks, without bias or prejudice, to draw out all the facts, and that he will do so even without the aid of counsel. It need hardly be said here that our people would not consent to vest the judges with such extensive powers. They may not be excessive when wisely exercised, but the liability to abuse is manifest.

The Anglo-Saxon system is entirely different, and there is practically no limit to cross-examination, either in its general scope or in its duration. The discretion of the judge is sometimes exercised to prevent the introduction of what is flagrantly improper; but he is constantly under the dread of an appellate court which watches the exclusion of testimony with zealous care, and reverses the verdict whenever it appears that the over-cautious magistrate has prevented the admission of something which, under some plea or other, might possibly tend to shed a minute ray of light upon the controversy. One of the reasons most generally alleged to justify the invasion of a witness's private affairs, and to compel him or her to unlock the closet and bring out the family skeleton, is the right of a party to test the credibility of such witness. As much depends upon the amount of credit which the jury shall give to testimony, it is not illogical to say that the person upon the stand should be compelled to disclose his or her own turpitude where that may affect the value of the evidence. In Great Britain the same latitude is given as with us. In fact, it is perhaps even less controlled by judicial discretion than in our own courts. The TICHBORNE case is a standing monument of the latitude which an English judge will extend to counsel in the way of cross-examination.

Grave as the inconveniences and disadvantages of this almost uncontrolled freedom of search may be, it cannot be denied that we have in all the arsenal of our procedure no instrument so admirably adapted to the extraction of the truth from false or reluctant witnesses as cross-examination. Nowhere does the skill of the advocate show itself as efficiently as here, and many a case, starting with brilliant promise and every appearance in its favor, has come to wreck through the probing processes of this surgical operation. If the attainment of justice and the development of the facts are the only desiderata in a trial, then must it be confessed that the license of cross-examination, cruel, brutal, and savage as it often is, should not be lightly interfered with. Its abuses are undoubtedly great and its mischiefs glaring; but these can only be mitigated and minimized by the good sense and courtesy of counsel and the judicious supervision of the courts. So long as we have jury trials and strict rules of evidence, so long will the cross-examination of witnesses from time to time shock our propriety. We are apt to put ourselves in the witness's place, and to feel a very uncomfortable sensation akin to sympathy, but not untinctured with self-love.

As the motive of the witness is also of importance in dealing with and weighing his testimony, his conscience may be probed to draw from his breast the passion which animates and colors his narrative. Cross-examination only will do this, and laying bare his real self enable the jury to decide how far he may be trusted.

Then, too, the perjurer's work would be too easy but for the vigilant eye and quick wit of the cross-examiner. To conceal one lie he is apt to tell another, then another, until finally, wound up in the meshes of his own fabrication, he stands out the self-revealed falsifier, unworthy, on his own showing, to stand in the presence of justice.

As a stimulant to a sluggish memory, cross-examination is without an equal. Many a witness leaves the stand marvelling at the extent of his own knowledge, and conscious for the first time of the stores of information that lay concealed in his own breast.

On the whole, no one can fairly doubt the great importance of this aid to justice. It is invaluable; but it is responsible for so much that is wrong, and so often lends a helping hand to chicanery and fraud, that we endure its abuses with justifiable impatience, and sometimes wonder if they do not outweigh the good which we know that the practice produces.

A MISSIONARY FIELD.

IT seems deplorably desirable that our contemporaries in the South should invent new methods of dealing with negro criminals. The negro question in the far South has for years been a most perplexing problem. The generation of black men that has grown up since the war in the Southern States, and especially in such States as Mississippi and Alabama, contains an ominous percentage of negroes in whom the power of self-restraint is so imperfectly developed that they readily turn into dangerous ruffians. The percentage of criminals among these blacks is three or four times as great as among Northern populations. Mere equality of opportunity is not enough for such people. They require the firmest and wisest sort of control, the most watchful oversight, and the restriction of their criminal propensities by the sure and swift administration of legal justice. But the atrocity of the crimes committed by some of this class seems to drive their white neighbors absolutely out of their senses, and we read of a succession of lynchings and burnings and torturings in which the behavior of the self-constituted executioners is hardly less revolting than that of the criminals with whom they deal. The idea of the lowest grade of Southern whites is to make the retribution for negro crimes so horrible as to keep all negroes, good or bad, in a state of timid and servile apprehension.

It cannot be said that the results justify the method. Torture and mob violence breed crime instead of discouraging it. The more intelligent Southern whites recognize that, and struggle bravely to secure the administration of justice by law. The sympathy of the North is with them. They are the hope of their section of the land, but their task is so formidable that in some parts of the South it seems an open question whether they are equal to it. Anarchy, or a condition approaching it, cannot long be tolerated in any part of the United States. Means will be found, because they must be found, to keep the Southern blacks in a progressive state. There seems to be a tendency among the negroes of "the black belt" to lapse back into barbarism, and to carry their white neighbors with them. It is intolerable that such a tendency should prevail in any part of the United States, and yet a government that was formed for the co-operation of self-governing communities is curiously ill-constituted to interfere.

For devoted people who think they have a call to missionary labor there would seem to be a great opportunity in the far South. If they can avail at all to Christianize and civilize savages, the lowest classes both of blacks and whites in parts of the Southern States invite their efforts. Where black criminals and white avengers rival Apache Indians in their atrocities, no American missionary need go beyond the sea in search of a field.

MOVABLE FIRES.

THERE are things stationary and things movable, or there are supposed to be at least. But in these latter days of marvels who can divide with any degree of certainty the permanent from the transitory, the fixed from the portable? The small boy was long supposed to be the most movable of objects, but we find the messenger-boy stationary; the Historic Spot was long conceived to be rooted, now we find it snatched up and taken to the World's Fair.

These abstract thoughts are called out by a letter from a valued St. Louis correspondent describing a recent most extraordinary occurrence in that city. But before wholly quitting the plane of abstract observation we ought to say that a fire—the "conflagration" of the older reporter, and the "blaze" of the younger journalist—has always been supposed to be a stationary thing. Fire in its nature is volatile and consuming enough, but a particular concrete fire was thought to be something you could depend on. If you had a fire you counted on being able to put your thumb on it. It has not been a common spectacle to see an excited man chasing about town trying to put salt on the tail of a fire. But now it seems that the revised rules for firemen must begin thus: First catch your fire.

It appears that in some sort of civic demonstration in St. Louis the other day—perhaps the celebration of the founding of Chicago, or something of that sort—two immense floats, representing respectively the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, were in the procession. It was an evening parade, and in some way while passing down Grand Avenue the unfortunate *Monitor* caught fire. A thoughtful citizen turned in an alarm, and the fire department responded with promptness. It happened that the captain of the *Monitor* was a new man in the navy, having before been in the merchant service as commander of a truck, and, hearing the noise of the engines behind him, he was impressed with the notion that the whole Confederate Navy was coming down upon him. He concluded that the time for flight had come, so hitting the mules a crack with his whip he went tearing away at the rate of some twenty knots an hour, with his craft blazing fiercely. The astonished firemen at first paused, but soon saw where duty lay, cracked their whips, and tore away after the fire. Interested citizens followed on foot, and small boys brought up the rear.

How long this thing kept up we are not told, but we are assured that Hampton Roads on the last day's fighting was a quiet place compared with Grand Avenue. It was evidently the object of the crafty *Monitor* commander either to get out to sea or to run in under the guns of some friendly fort. But the St. Louis fire department, though accustomed to lying in wait and springing upon its victims with a single bound, showed that it could course a fire when necessary. It was used to old-fashioned fires, but if a fire was skittish and got up and ran, the department was willing to do what it could to catch it and hold it still while it put it out. So while the *Monitor* stood out to sea, carrying every possible pound of mule, the engines and hose carts followed close in her wake. Finally, the ill-starred craft being burnt to the water's edge, the fire went out, and the hulk drifted down a side street with the noble commander clinging to a floating mule. The fire department returned to headquarters.

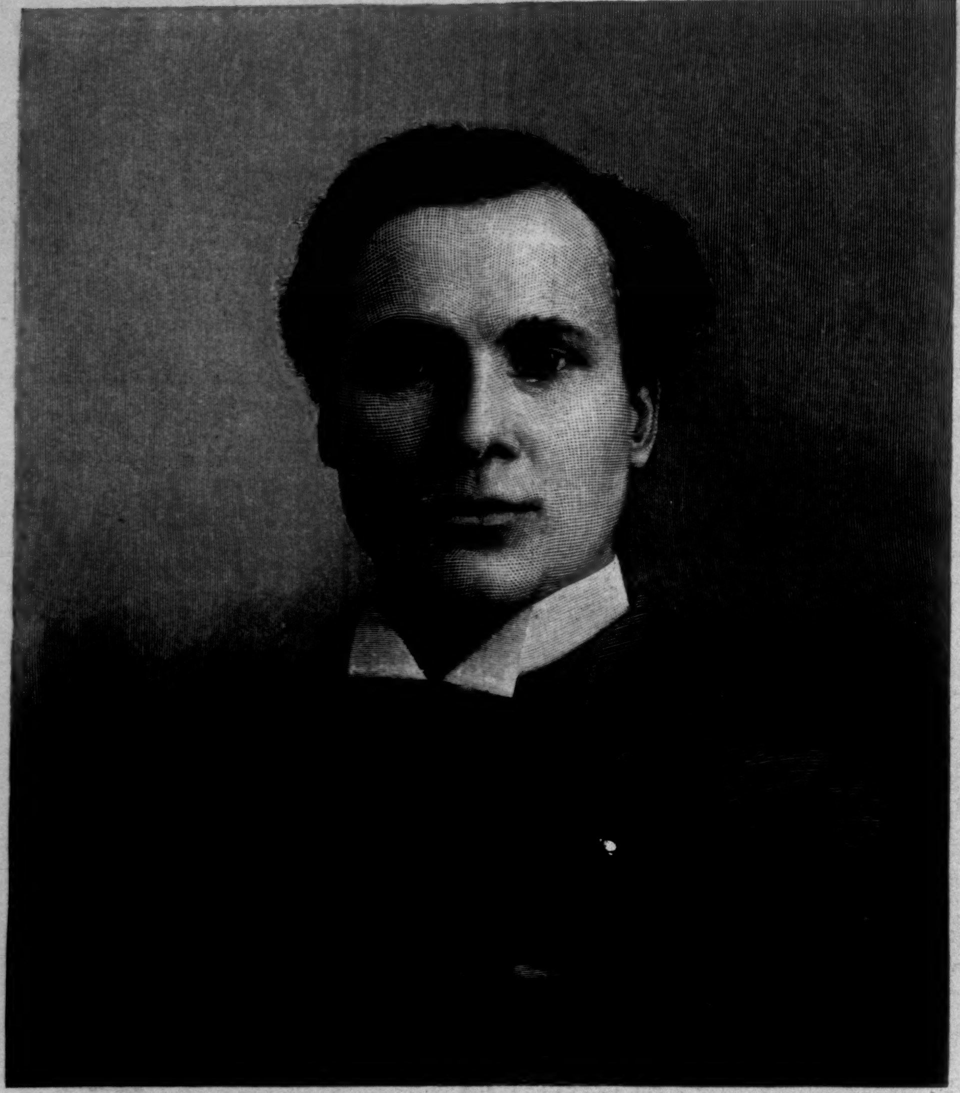
This is probably the first time that firemen were ever balked by having the fire take flight; and if we could be assured that it would be the last we should not feel justified in devoting space to it; but such cannot be the case. In these days of pageants and celebrations runaway fires may become common. A plan for dealing with them must be devised. Our sagacious correspondent cleverly suggests a travelling fire-plug, to progress at the same rate as the engine, to which the hose can be attached. This is ingenious in theory, but in practice it would certainly fail. Either the fire-plug would get ahead of the engine or the engine would get ahead of the fire-plug; or the fire-plug itself might catch the infection and bolt around the corner. The problem must be approached differently. It seems to us that more caution in creeping up on the fire might produce good results. A wild and fleet fire must be stalked with great care. Pneumatic tires on the engines and felt shoes on the horses would probably be helpful. Perhaps a good pointer-dog could assist. But after all we can only be sure of success by having something which can take the fire on the wing. It was a guileless old lady in Boston who, after watching a fire-engine operate an hour or two, remarked, "My, it doesn't seem possible that anything so small could hold so much water!" Here is the idea; there must be devised an engine which can carry enough water to extinguish a frightened fire while it is running for cover.

We are glad that we have been enabled to sound this note of warning about movable fires. The St. Louis occurrence is useful, too, in impressing upon all the fact that we live in a wonderful age. These are, indeed, uncertain days; the Catskill Mountains may yet line up and dance the Virginia reel, while all the comets in the solar system put their heads together in some quiet corner of space and stand like cab horses on a rainy night.

CORNELL'S TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

On a morning in early October, 1868, three hundred young men scrambled down and up the banks of Cascadilla Ravine in Ithaca, crossed a corn field to an ugly stone building on a bleak hill-side, and Cornell University was opened. This week, at the beginning of Cornell's twenty-sixth year, seventeen hundred students walked or rode through a park which Edward Freeman declared the most beautiful campus in the world, and scattered among the twenty-three buildings devoted to instruction, which are the outward and visible sign of the university's growth. Cornell is no longer an experiment in education. To adopt the classification of a Boston newspaper, it is merely "one of the three or four American colleges from which great things are expected."

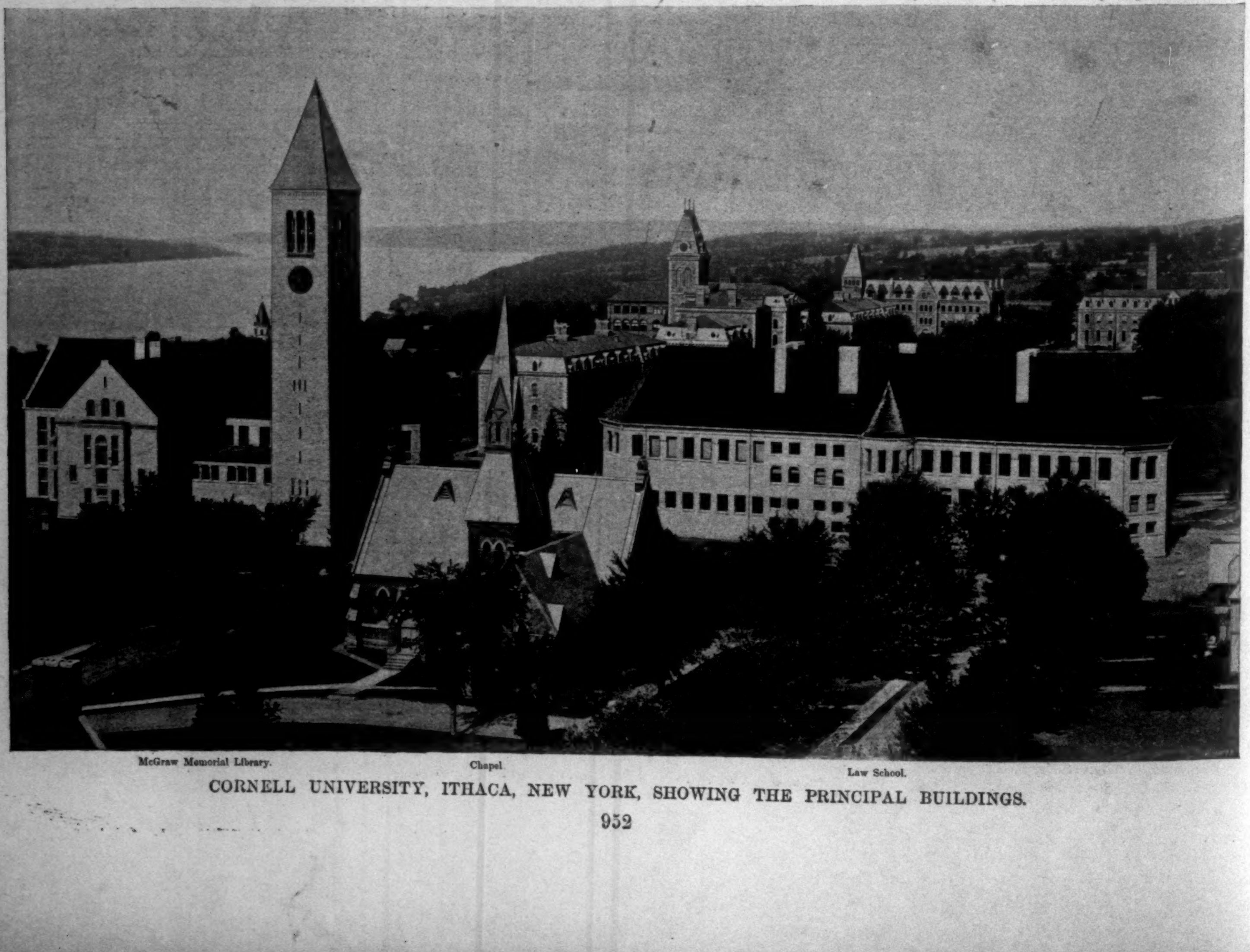
The first "Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Cornell University" was published in 1869, and shows that 26 resident professors and instructors were engaged that year in teaching 388 young men, of whom 251 pursued courses in arts, letters, and science, and 159 courses in technology, the apparent discrepancy in addition being due to the fact that 22 young men followed courses both in arts and technology. The latest register of the university shows the division of undergraduates, according to schools, to have been last year: Arts, 139; Philosophy, 109; Letters, 80; Science, 89; Agriculture, 22; Architecture, 77; Civil Engineering, 126; Electrical Engineering, 257; Mechanical Engineering, 289; Medical Preparatory, 11; Optional, 46. In addition to these there were 192 graduate students, 18 fellows, and 203 students in the school of law. Among these advanced students were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Williams, Lehigh, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and of the best technical schools. It is an interesting tribute to the breadth of Cornell that last year a graduate of Annapolis studied naval architecture there, and that among its students of philosophy were men from Scotch and German schools. Exclusive of the Law School, the university offered last year 391 courses of instruction, varying all the way from the Rig-Veda and Nicomachean ethics to the eradication of weeds.



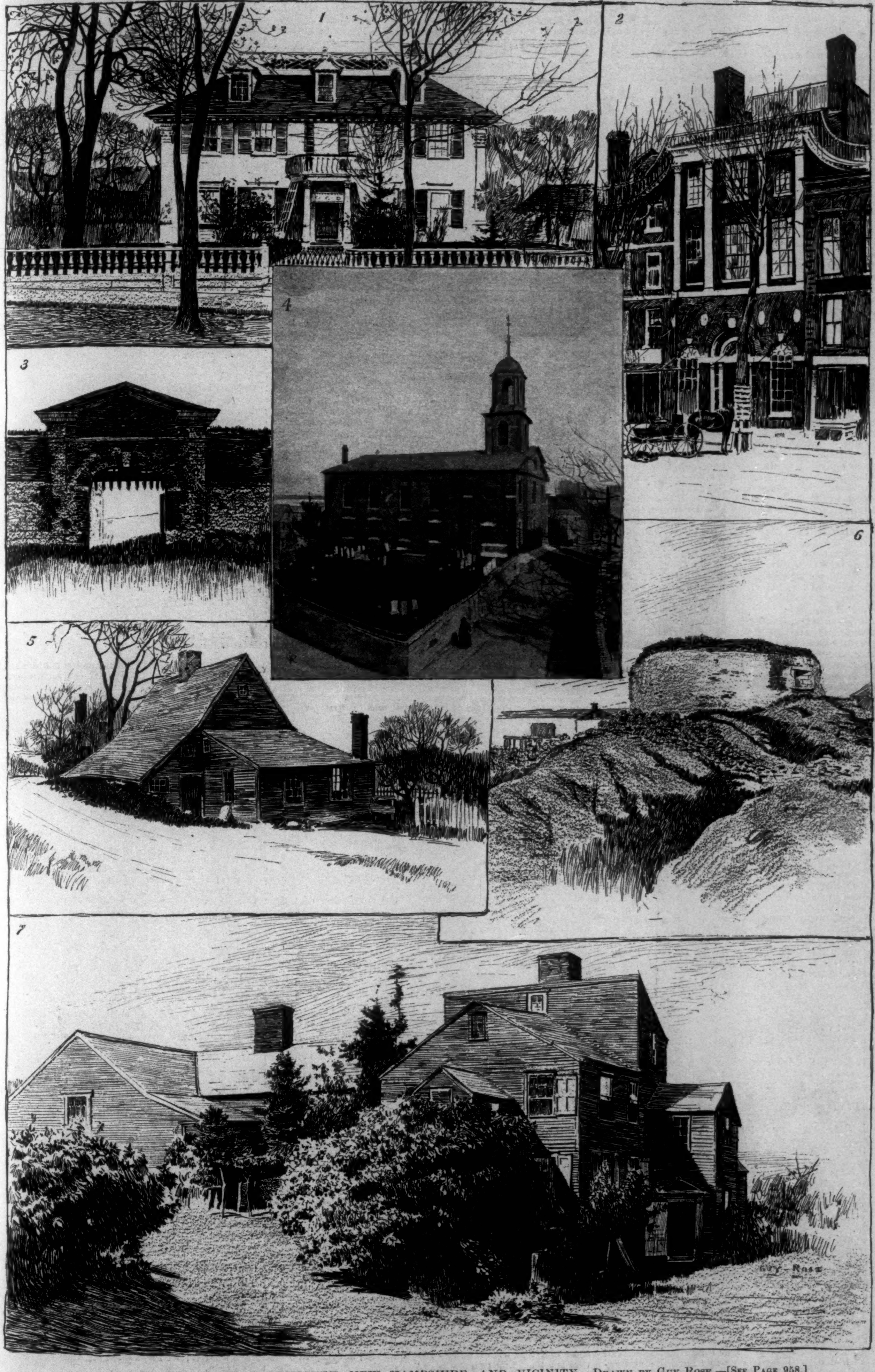
DR. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

A large number of distinguished men celebrated Cornell's twenty-fifth birthday. But the gathering for its opening day was even more noteworthy. Probably no other college ever aroused at its foundation the enthusiasm of so many persons. Andrew D. White, author of the present free-school system in the State of New York, was its first president. Goldwin Smith resigned his chair of History at Oxford to give his services to Cornell as professor of English Constitutional History. A paragraph in the first catalogue says that "Professor Smith has kindly offered to deposit in the university his private library for the use of faculty and students." This valuable collection was afterward presented to the institution. Agassiz left his duties at Harvard to lecture six weeks at Cornell during its first year, and the students also had the inspiration of personal contact with George William Curtis and James Russell Lowell. The young university had other friends who gave their money. Gifts amounting to more than a million and a quarter of dollars, and including a college for women, a library building, and the endowment for a school of philosophy, have been received from one man—Henry W. Sage, president of the Board of Trustees. Other large gifts have been the Sibley College of Mechanic Arts; the architectural and historical libraries collected by President White; the Moak law library, given in memory of the first dean of the Law School; the McGraw museum of natural history; the Fayerweather bequest of $200,000 in money; Barnes Hall, the home of the largest college Christian association in the country; and the Dean Sage sermon fund, which brings to the chapel every year twenty or more distinguished preachers of the various denominations.

When Senator Stanford and his commission visited the Eastern universities, they decided to lay the foundations of their own university along Cornell lines, and a majority of its officers of instruction have been trained at Cornell either as students or teachers. A Columbia professor recently said, when asked what college has the best "course," "If you mean the curriculum, it probably is the Indiana University; if you mean the instruction, it probably is Cornell." Much of this breadth and thoroughness of instruction is due to the spirit of the university's founders and of the men who guided it through its first perilous years. But a great deal of personal enthusiasm in both students and faculty is attributable to the third and present president, Jacob Gould Schurman, who came to the university in 1886 as professor of mental and moral philosophy, was made dean of the Susan Linn Sage School of Philosophy in 1891, and succeeded Charles Kendall Adams as president in 1892. President Schurman is not an administrative officer with headquarters in the university business offices. Every student feels the influence of his personality. While he was still a professor he gave a course of lectures introductory to the study of ethics. These lectures were given at the end of the day's recitations, and they did not count as university work. Yet there was not in the university a lecture hall large enough to seat all the students who crowded to hear. It is the influence of men like White, Schurman, Wheeler, Tuttle, and Thurston that has made Cornell more than a collection of books and buildings and apparatus. These men have given the young university a personal force that is being felt in every channel of healthy human activity.



CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.



OLD STRAWBERRY BANK—PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND VICINITY.—Drawn by Guy Rose.—[See Page 958.]

1. Old Governor Langdon House. 2. Portsmouth Athenæum. 3. Portcullis, Fort Constitution, New Castle. 4. St. John's Church. 5. Old Jackson House, Christian Shore. 6. Old Tower, New Castle. 7. Old Governor Wentworth Mansion, Little Harbor.

CHASING A SLAVER.

BY HOWARD PATTERSON.

UP to the breaking out of our civil war the slave trade was extensively carried on between the west coast of Africa, Brazil, and Cuba, although the United States and England maintained men-of-war on the African station for the purpose of making prizes of slave vessels and breaking up the nefarious traffic.

The profits of a successful slaving voyage were so enormous that large capital was invested in Havana and Rio Janeiro for the promotion of the unholy enterprise, and a number of the fastest sailing vessels ever built were navigated under the slavers' flag.

Speed was the most important factor in this trade, as it insured the probability of escape from the cruisers and a quick passage after leaving Africa. It occasionally happened that a "cargo" was lost, owing to the final consumption of water and provisions before the run between ports could be accomplished.

The average number of slaves carried was four hundred. If the vessel made a fast run and took the captives into port in fair physical condition, they sold readily in the auction marts at four and five hundred dollars each, while as high as one thousand dollars was paid for an "extra fine nigger." A single cargo has been known to bring a quarter of a million dollars on the slave-block in Cuba, yet the blacks were individually purchased from the native African dealers for a musket of somewhat obsolete pattern, a keg of rum, or a small sum of money.

The officers and crew of the slaver received generous wages, and a percentage of the profits accruing from the voyage, the former at times accumulating considerable fortunes and retiring to private life, but commonly it was the old story of the pitcher going once too often to the well, for luck was sure to play into the hands of the naval men at times, making it "eight bells," as Jack says, with the slavers.

A peculiarity of the law regarding the capture of vessels engaged in the slave trade was that unless the negroes were found on board, the naval people could exercise no jurisdiction over the captured craft, and were obliged to allow her to depart in peace. The commanding officer of the man-of-war overhauling the suspect might be morally sure as to her character, but in the absence of "living evidence" he was legally powerless to make prisoners of the ship's company and send a prize crew on board. In other words, the law did not permit him to make a capture on suspicion alone.

The fore-and-aft rigged schooner *Will-o'-the-Wisp* had left Gaboon, a notorious slave port on the west coast of Africa, about sundown, bound to Quitero, on the south side of Cuba. Shackled to iron rods in the hold of the vessel were four hundred and fifty human beings, who had been received on board that day, destined to be held in slavery on the Cuban sugar plantations.

Food and water had been served out to the prisoners; the sails had been trimmed, rigging coiled down, and the watch set. So elated were the men over the prospects of a profitable voyage that, instead of turning in, the seamen off duty remained on deck, talking eagerly of the money they expected to receive, and speculating as to the manner of its disposition.

Captain Ludlow and his chief mate, Mr. Lockwood, were indulging in a "sea-walk" up and down the weather side of the quarter-deck, while they conversed on matters relating to the possibility of capture by the cruisers, and the measures to be adopted for lessening the evil effects which lack of exercise and close confinement were certain to have upon those who were stowed like cattle below.

About ten o'clock the captain halted at the companionway, saying: "Keep a bright lookout for that Yankee relation of ours, Mr. Lockwood; for although the *Dale* has not been seen of late, I believe she's playing 'possum; and pass the word to the second mate that sail is not to be shortened without my orders. Good-night."

At midnight the port watch routed out the starboarders, and went below for four hours. When Mr. Lockwood relieved the second mate at four o'clock the sharp clipper stem of the schooner was ripping through the water under pressure from a large spread of canvas, but the wind had moderated during the mid-watch, and there were evidences that it would die out altogether with the rising of the sun. An hour later the stars were still shining, but beginning to pale in the eastern sky, while the crowing of cocks, confined in the coops lashed on deck amidships, testified that the dawn was not far off.

Shortly after five o'clock, while the watch were rigging the hose for washing down the decks, a subdued cry of "Sail ho!" came from the lookout forward, who pointed off to the north, where an indistinct mass loomed on the starboard beam about a mile away; then as the slaver surged ahead, bringing it on the quarter, it intercepted the growing light, and was silhouetted as a sloop of war standing to the southward and westward on the port tack so as to cross the schooner's wake, her royals and top-gallant sails furled and her courses hauled up.

Captain Ludlow had been called as soon as the sail was reported, and as it was manifest that the schooner had not been observed, the square-sail was brailed into the mast, the course changed to north-northeast, and the sheets flattened, so as to offer the edge of the canvas to the cruiser now dead astern.

"Set the large maintopmast stay-sail, Mr. Lockwood," said the captain; "then rig the long hose, and wet the sails from the trucks down."

A few minutes later the big stay-sail had bellied out between the masts, and one of the crew was playing water on the canvas from the fore cross-trees, while four brawny seamen plied the brakes of the deck pump, sending a stream aloft which struck the sails and cascaded to the deck through the first yellow beams of the rising sun like a shower of liquid gold.

The sloop of war had drawn a little on the port quarter, about four miles away.

"I'll bet a nigger—" commenced the captain, who stood near the wheel with the mate watching the ship astern; then stopped short, for it suddenly became apparent that the man-of-war had at last detected the slaver.

Her head was observed to fall off from the wind, until her flying jib-boom pointed fair for the schooner. Through the glass the topsail yards were seen to be alive with seamen shaking the reefs out of the sails, while others were casting adrift the gaskets of the royals and top-gallant sails; and when these had been sheeted home and hoisted, studding-sails were thrown out with such rapidity that in ten minutes from the time the ship's course had been changed she showed as a great balloon of sun-kissed canvas sweeping over the early morning sea.

The skipper made no further allusion to his proposed bet, but obtained his sextant, seated himself on the taffrail, and proceeded to ascertain, by a series of mast-head angles, whether the cruiser was gaining on his schooner or falling farther astern.

After a time he swung round and looked at the sails, which were filled with a gentle air, then addressed the mate:

"The sloop is becalmed; up helm and in maintopmast stay-sail; get the square-sail and raffee set, and wet them; if we don't widen the water the cruiser will be hoisting out his boats and boarding us."

The schooner rounded on her heel, and under the driving power of the square-sail ran off to the northwest, logging about four knots an hour.

"Blow, good devil, and take the cook," said the captain, making use of an old saying indulged in by sailors as an offer of recompense to Davy Jones for favoring their vessel with a breeze.

For about twenty minutes the slaver held the wind, then the pennant at the truck fell down alongside the mast, the great hollow in the square-sail collapsed, the reef-points of the fore-and-aft canvas rattled, and the schooner lost all motion save when she lifted easily to a glassy undulation and sunk as gently back to rest again. Davy Jones had evidently considered the inducement insufficient.

"Wet the sails down again, Mr. Lockwood," said the captain; "we mustn't let even a cat's-paw of wind escape, and keep your eye on those fellows down there for any deviltry they may be up to."

"Ay, ay, sir; that's the *Dale*, and she won't give us up if she has to chase us into the Caribbean. She's been on the station three months now without making a capture, and her officers are likely smacking their lips over the thought of the prize-money we'll bring 'em."

The mate turned away with a laugh to execute the captain's orders.

While the master and his officers alternately kept watch on the cruiser, the slaves were fed and watered, and the men sent to breakfast, after which the four carronades were loaded with grape, the boarding netting triced up, and arms served out to the crew.

The *Will-o'-the-Wisp* was not to be carried without a struggle.

About nine o'clock one of the cruiser's boats was seen to drop into the water, and shortly after she was pulled in the direction of the slaver.

"Here comes a spy," exclaimed the captain, handing the glass to the mate.

The latter kept his eye fixed to the telescope for some little time, then passed it back, remarking:

"By the time the crew of that cutter get through pulling under this broiling sun they'll be like the men the boatswain tells about."

"Let's have the yarn," said the captain.

"Well, you see, some years ago our boatswain was one of the crew of the brig *Snowball*, in the African trade, and one day, the vessel lying becalmed in view of the coast, her captain took it into his head that he would row ashore and look for a spring of cool water among the trees that were seen growing near the beach. So the fools stowed two or three empty kegs under the thwarts, but never looked to see if there was any water in the boat's breaker. After they had been pulling about an hour the shore looked no nearer than when they started, and the men were about half dead with rowing the heavy boat under a burning sun without a drop of water to wet their hot throats. The old man, however, encouraged them to bend their backs, saying that they would soon be under the shade of the trees drinking their fill, so they laid themselves out and pulled away for another half hour; but the shore looked as far away as ever, for it was a kind of mirage they saw, so at last the captain turned the boat's head round for the brig. I'll tell you the rest in the boatswain's words as near as I can remember:

"'Well, sir,' said he to me, 'what with the hexertion of rowing three or four hours in hot sun without anythink to drink, every drop o' moisture was drawed clean out o' their bodies, an' when at last they fetched the brig they was like the Hegyptian mummies you reads about, for when they was passed over the rail their hinsides was that dry you could 'ear their 'arts an' lungs a-rattling again' their ribs like reef-pints again' a sail.'"

The hearty laugh which greeted the conclusion of the story furnished no evidence that the two officers were appalled by the near presence of an enemy who was crouched watching his prey with greedy anticipation, and chafing because he could not spring, but ready to creep upon it with the first breath of air that gave him animation.

The man-of-war's cutter came on until she was within half a mile of the schooner, when the crew ceased rowing, and her officer stood up in the stern-sheets, scrutinizing the slaver through a marine glass.

"That fellow's been sent to find out how sharp our teeth are before they decide on fitting out a boat expedition," observed the captain.

"His report of these big-mouthed carronades of ours ought to make that man-o'-war skipper think twice before he tries the boarding trick," responded the mate.

"I think it will. I don't believe that they'll sacrifice a lot of their men on the chance of carrying the schooner, when they think their ship able to overhaul any craft in the trade. Why, I was told in Gaboon that some weeks ago one of the *Dale's* cutters came up the river on a tour of inspection, and her lieutenant boasted that there wasn't a man-o'-war or trader on the coast that the Yankee couldn't overhaul on the wind or with yards square."

"That sounds just like those sea dandies," growled the mate, "but I claim that if they had a good ship they wouldn't know how to sail her. Why, just look at it: they go off on what they call a three years' cruise, and two years and a half of it are spent with the mud-hook down where the officers can dress up in their cocked hats and swords for the girls to admire; then they go home and get three years' clerking in a navy-yard before they go to sea again, so that out of every six years they get only six months' experience in handling ship, yet they have the cheek to call themselves sailors. Ugh!" And a stream of tobacco juice, fully expressive of the mate's contempt, was shot overboard through the meshes of the boarding-net.

After remaining at rest for something over half an hour, the cutter pulled away.

"I suppose," observed the master, "that the next move in order would be to out all boats and pull the sloop down so as to get us within range of her batteries, but they know that is a trick that two can play."

For several hours the two vessels remained motionless on the mirrored sea. About four o'clock in the afternoon the mate called attention to a shadow upon the ocean down in the south.

"There comes a breeze," exclaimed the captain, "but it will strike the cruiser first. Secure the guns, and down boarding-net. Lively, my lads, and give us a clear deck."

About one bell in the first dog-watch the breeze reached the cruiser. Immediately after, she threw out studding-sails and bore down on the schooner. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed, yet the slaver remained becalmed.

"Are we to rot here like a carcass until that vulture there comes to pick our bones?" roared the captain, tearing off his sombrero and throwing it passionately to the deck.

The cruiser had drawn within three miles of the schooner.

"Out a couple of sweeps forward on the starboard side, and pull her head 'round," he ordered, taking the wheel.

Suddenly the wind-vane at the truck lifted, then the raffee filled, and almost immediately a rippling sound under the counter indicated that the vessel was under way. The belly of the square-sail grew harder; the great main-boom swung forward, dragging the sheet out of the water, and stretching it to a rope-walking tension; the sheaves of the blocks creaked as the running rigging tautened, and the slaver was off before the wind at the rate of seven miles an hour.

"Take the wheel, Mr. Lockwood," called the captain, "and let me find out how we're doing with that fellow."

The breeze continued to freshen as the master sat on the rail with his back against the after-shroud, measuring sextant angles of the cruiser's track.

Evidently the observations were unsatisfactory, for he sung out for a bucket gang to keep the tub full of water, while the remainder of the crew rigged the hose and wet down the sails.

"She's got the heels of us running," he cried, after a short interval. "Now we'll try the beggar with the wind abeam. Main-sheet a few hands; starboard brace; put your wheel down; in main-sheet; slack away port brace handsomely; round in starboard brace; belay port brace; well main-sheet; steady as she goes; set the main-staysail and wet it—she's got to drag what she can't carry," he shouted, as the schooner heeled to the pressure until the water was slopping over the lee bulwark rail.

After everything had been checked and sweated to his satisfaction he went aft with his sextant. A puff of smoke issued from the bow port of the cruiser.

"Fire away, you fool," muttered the captain; "Uncle Sam's got plenty of money to pay for the powder."

"Does she gain on us?" asked the mate, without removing his attention from the work in hand.

"Yes, but so slowly that I'm in hopes of keeping out of gunshot for another hour, when we'll try to give them the slip in the dark."

The captain called the steward to take his sextant below, and paced restlessly up and down the deck, alternately sweeping his anxious eyes over the schooner's sails, then looking out to where the cruiser hung, the white water boiling under her bows, and the black muzzles of her starboard battery growing startlingly distinct as the distance between the two vessels decreased.

The crew were grouped on the port side of the schooner, talking and gesticulating excitedly as they watched the man-of-war steadily growing, while occasionally one of the men would slap his stained unshapely hand upon the breech of the gun beside which he stood, turning his gloomy face as if asking authority to discharge its iron contents at the cloud of canvas on the quarter.

The sun's upper edge touched the horizon, and the cruiser, now only a mile away, threw a shot that went screaming past, and plumped into the sea just ahead of the schooner. At the sound of the gun shrieks and howls ascended from the hold.

"Quick, men, down among them with the whips, a couple of you, and stop their yells!" cried the captain; then he turned to the mate: "Keep her as she is; we've lost all the tricks but one; now we'll play that. It will be dark in a quarter of an hour, but the sloop is so near that we can't shake her off."

The noise between decks had subsided into moans and sobs, but as he went forward the master called down through the hatch, bidding the men remain and check any threatened outcry; then he called for the carpenter, and disappeared through the fore scuttle with several of the crew.

A few minutes later the men on deck commenced dragging up lengths of heavy anchor chain, and one of these, under the direction of the captain, the men ranged fore and aft on the lee bulwark rail outside the rigging, preventing the tiers of chain from rolling overboard by stopping them to the lanyards of the fore and main shrouds.

Then the crew followed the captain below.

It was so dark now that details had faded out, but the positions of the two vessels were well defined to one another by the sheen of the canvas and the phosphorescent fire which played in the wake of the slaver and danced merrily in the white water under the cruiser's bow. It would have been a simple thing for the sloop to throw a shot into the dark mass that stubbornly swept on ahead, but the commander of the man-of-war discreetly refrained from injuring what he could already consider his prize, knowing that in an hour's time he could range his vessel alongside and throw his bluejackets on board.

Captain Ludlow emerged from the hatch, followed by the crew and about fifty of the blacks, who were led to leeward and their hand-irons seized to the cable resting on the rail. While the seamen worked about the chain a number of the captives looked curiously around them, but several of the women, apparently sickened by the motion of the vessel, stood with closed eyes, as though to shut out the sight of the reeling decks and the snapping waves that seemed to leap at them from just across the bulwarks.

"Are all secured?" asked the captain, his voice sounding strangely worried above the washing and the seething along the side.

"All ready, sir!" responded the second mate.

"Then cut away, and may God have mercy on their souls!"

The sailors' knives were slashed across the stops as the schooner rolled heavily to leeward, and the chain pitched overboard. There was a sudden recognition of their fate in the agonized black faces which were whisked over the rail, but their cry of despair was smothered by the hungry waters, and the slaver's keel passed on above the place where the iron weight was dragging them a thousand fathoms deep.

"Rig an extra length this time, from the main rigging to the quarter; we must work off a hundred at once," said the captain.

With hell-inspired regularity the work went on, and the last lot of prisoners stood at the rail waiting for the sentence.

"Cut away!" said the captain for the fifth time.

Once again the same quick sweeping of the knives across

the ropes; the same awful look encountered on the faces of the doomed as they were hurled into eternity; once more a final cry of agony choked by the closing waters, and all but one of the slaver's cargo had been jettisoned.

A young negress remained by the schooner's rail. She alone had been overlooked by the seamen when her companions had been secured. She had seen their sudden fate, and had been cruelly spared to drink in the full horror of her own. She uttered no cry, she made no motion, but stood there as though every physical faculty had been frozen in that one terrible moment. The boatswain moved a pace toward her with arms outstretched, then halted.

"End it, man, for God's sake!" cried the captain.

He would not look upon the last act of the tragedy, but went aft to the mate.

"Give me the wheel and hurry the cleaning of the 'tween decks—I'm kinder sick after that job—and break open a barrel of flour and scatter it well over the flooring; then unship the steps and put on the sea-hatches. Lively's the word."

A roaring and hissing of broken water out to windward; a great rushing shadow preceded by a rolling head of milk-white sea, and the cruiser hung upon the slaver's quarter, the end of her flying jib-boom abreast the main-rigging, less than one hundred feet away.

"Schooner ahoy!" yelled an officer from the top-gallant forecastle of the sloop.

"Hello the ship!" came the response.

"Heave that schooner to, or I'll give you a broadside!"

The man-of-war drew ahead, blanketing the slaver, and causing her to swing suddenly upright, to the accompaniment of thrashing canvas and the slatting of blocks and rigging.

"Ay, ay, we'll heave to!" was shouted back to the cruiser, on board of which could be heard the orders,

"Let go royal sheets and halyards; up courses; stations for stays!"

Under easy sail the man-of-war held her position on the slaver's weather-bow until the latter's light canvas came in, then after the schooner had tacked and remained hove to with her head-sheets left to windward, the cruiser's main-topsail was laid aback, and the boatswain's whistle was heard piping away the cutter.

Captain Ludlow was leaning against the mainmast, apparently enjoying the flavor of an excellent cigar, when an officer from the sloop leaped over the schooner's rail.

"Where's the master of this vessel?" he demanded.

Captain Ludlow tapped the ashes from his cigar. "I'm the master."

"I'll have a look at your papers first, and your hold afterwards," answered the officer.

"Come below, young man, and I'll try to gratify your curiosity," said the captain.

A few minutes later the naval officer led the way on deck, saying, "Your papers are all right so far as they go, but I'll thank you to lift off the hatches and give me a light."

The lieutenant leaned over the open hatch, holding the lamp down so that its rays illumined the space directly beneath, then he threw his leg over the coaming, slipped his arm through the handle of the lantern, and descended into the 'tween decks, followed by the captain.

The hold was bare.

Expressions of disappointment and mortification clouded the officer's face.

"I tell you," he said, angrily, "you've had niggers down here, for I smell them!"

The captain smiled. "I understand you now," he replied: "you took us for a slaver, and expected to find an ebony cargo down here to play the good Samaritan over. Am I right?"

"This cargo-of-flour yarn would go down better if there wasn't so much nigger in the odor of it," retorted the lieutenant.

"I'm sorry," said the captain, "that my vessel should offend your sense of smell, but I was obliged to hire natives to discharge my cargo, and the hatches being put on yesterday as soon as the hold was clear, the African scent has been kept for the occasion. Had I expected your visit to my 'tween decks I would have perfumed it for you."

The officer bit his lips.

"What the devil did you run away for if you're honest?" he asked, hotly.

"That's an easily answered question, my friend," replied the master. "You chased me all day without making a signal to let me know who or what you were; you fired on me, and, in fact, acted altogether like what I feared you were—a pirate, from whom I tried to escape to the best of my ability."

The lieutenant mounted the pillar ladder, dropped the ring handle of the lantern over a belaying-pin in the main fife-rail, directed that the schooner should be kept hove to, and went over the side. "Up oars!" he ordered, in a surly tone.

Fifteen minutes later a hail came from the cruiser—"Schooner ahoy!"

"Hello!"

"You can go about your business!"

"Ease off the main-sheet," said Captain Ludlow, as he put the helm up.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

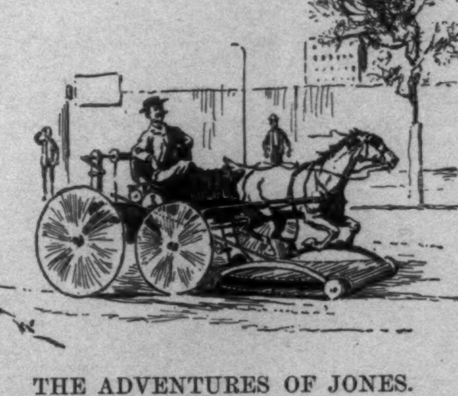
The revolution now in progress in Brazil seems to be wrapt in mystery. Up to the time when this is written no advices have been received by mail. Newspapers of Montevideo, which ought to have some account of the breaking out of the war, have been received bearing date as late as August 24th, but no mention is made in them of the rebellion, which is supposed to have broken out on the 23d.

Minister Mendonca, who is in Washington, knows as little of the cause of the revolution as any one can who is familiar with the politics of Brazil. The telegraphic and cable service in South America and between Buenos Ayres and this country is evidently interfered with, either by the authorities or by the rebels.

Brazil has never been absolutely at peace since the dethronement of Dom Pedro. The republic was proclaimed on the 15th of November, 1889. The political divisions of Brazil have not been changed under the new form of government, but instead of Provinces, as they were called under the empire, they are now known as States. The government is a federation, and the Constitution is based upon our own fundamental law. This Constitution was adopted on the 24th of February, 1891. It provides for the election of President and Vice-President by the direct suffrage of the people. A Congress is composed of a Senate representing the States and the Federal District, three Senators representing each State and three representing the Federal District. The other House is called the Chamber of Deputies. The States are self-governing as to their local affairs, and may make treaties with each other. Certain powers necessary to the preservation of the general government are denied to the States. Fonséca was the first ruler of the republic, and his office was a dictatorship. Subsequently he was made Provisional President, and Peixoto, the present President, was the Provisional Vice-President. There was also a Provisional Cabinet. Fonséca having got into trouble while he was acting as Dictator, there was some question about the confirmation of his office after the election of Congress, but the first Congress legitimatized all the acts of the Provisional Government, which were necessarily mainly in the form of edicts, and confirmed the election of Fonséca and Peixoto. Something like eighteen months ago there was an insurrection against Fonséca, and he resigned. In doing so he turned over the executive office of the government to Peixoto.

While there has been a minority in the Congress opposed to Peixoto's government, he has been sustained by a large majority. Unfortunately for him, one of the Provisional Cabinet which had served under Fonséca became a leader of the minority in Congress. Only one of the old cabinet, Bocayuva, who had been Provisional Secretary of Foreign Affairs, remained loyal to Peixoto. Not only was the minority of Congress actively and aggressively hostile to Peixoto, but there was trouble with the States, and especially in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, the principal State of the southern part of the republic. The Constitution of Brazil, like our own, permits the interference of Federal troops within a State in case of domestic insurrection. Peixoto was constantly being appealed to by the State authorities to preserve peace. Domestic broils were constant. It was charged by the people against whom his troops were called upon to act, who often formed a large minority, and sometimes, it is said, even a majority, of the people of the State invaded, that Peixoto was altogether too quick to send his troops into a State. These are the causes of complaint that were known to have been prevalent. There has been constant effort in certain quarters, and especially in the navy, to instigate rebellion against the republican government. Not long since the head of the navy, Admiral Wandenkolk, instigated a street riot in the capital of Rio, which was finally suppressed. While all these facts indicate that the cause of the present outbreak was the general discontent pervading certain States of the republic, and the opportunity thus afforded to some restless spirits in the navy, the immediate cause of the outbreak is unknown. The navy, it is claimed, is not united against Peixoto, and the army is not supposed to be acting with the navy. It is presumed that the outbreak was begun by Admiral Mello about the 23d of August. The Admiral was designated as leader of the rebel forces by certain deputies who had escaped from Rio and declared war. At that time he was in command of three ships lying in the bay of Rio—the *Aquidaban*, the *Republica*, and another, whose name is not known. The reports that have come from the seat of the trouble have been vague and conflicting. The capital of the country, Rio de Janeiro, is said to have been bombarded more than once, but the reports have been contradicted. It is probably true that shots have been fired into the city, but that the English and other foreign war-ships have interfered to preserve the capital.

Rio is very beautifully situated, and is a great port. The commerce of this country with it is important, and Americans have some interests in the city, although not nearly so much as has been asserted. The exports from Brazil to the United States aggregate more than $85,000,000. The imports from this country are about $13,000,000. The most important trade between this country and Brazil is in coffee. Brazil furnishes about five-eighths of the coffee consumed in the United States. Trade in these articles has been greatly stimulated by the reciprocity treaty made during President Harrison's term of office under the provisions of the McKinley act. At the same time the markets of this country have been practically closed to coffee from other ports of South America by the refusal of the Venezuelians and others to make treaties, whereupon Mr. Harrison placed a duty, as permitted by the McKinley act, upon products of the countries so refusing. For the protection of American interests the United States have ordered three war-vessels to Rio, but by reason of one accident after another only one has yet reached there, the *Charleston*. The *Newark* is on her way there from New York. The *Detroit* will be ready to proceed after her final acceptance, which will be in a short time, and the *New York* will be ready to go when needed.



THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XI.—THE PARALYZER AND CONSERVATOR.

The waiter had withdrawn, after prinking out the last imaginary wrinkle in the cloth with the ends of his fingers, and the cigars of the four men around the table were well started; but the usual conversational flow did not begin. Peters was commencing to show signs of nervousness. It was a rainy night outside, and the rounded backs of the pavement stones were clean and shining under the lights. A cab rattled past, and Peters grasped at the incident eagerly.

"I wonder," he said, in an earnest tone, "why a cab always makes twice as much noise on a rainy night as it does on a dry one?"

"Would not your question come more properly before the National Academy of Sciences?" inquired Robinson.

"Or why not bring the subject before the public in a letter to the editor in the New York *Tribune* or the *Evening Post*, and sign yourself 'Old Subscriber' or 'Pro Bono Publico'?" asked Smith

"Speaking of driving," went on Peters, not seeming to hear—"speaking of driving—"

"Jackson, Jackson," broke in Jones, gently, "nobody said a word about—"

"Speaking of driving," insisted Peters, with unwonted firmness, "I just read a new story about the late William R. Travers. He was one day riding on the box-seat of a six-horse Western stage. The driver was extremely drunk, and finally dropped one of the lines, and the horses began to run away. The fellow leaned over and fumbled about for a minute or so, tryng to recover the rein, when Travers suddenly said, 'L-l-let it go, you d-darn' fool; you've g-g-g-got more'n you can handle now!'"

"Very good," said Robinson. "Brings to my mind the practice which obtains among English country gentlemen when hiring a new coachman. They do not ask, on such occasions, 'Do you drink?' but 'Can you drive when you are drunk?'"

"Clever idea," assented Jones. "While the subject of stopping runaway horses is up, I might say that I have looked into the matter considerably myself. When I lived at Fostoria, Ohio, I owned the worst runaway horse in the State. Driving him consisted simply of clinging to your seat and letting him run till he was tired. I tried the Griswold Horse-controller, and it worked well. As you may know, this consists of a stout perpendicular timber back of the seat, with a horizontal beam extending out over the horse, precisely like an old-time gibbet. It is fitted with tackle, which is connected with a stout canvas or leather band which goes around the horse's middle. When the animal begins to run, you pull on the rope and raise him about eighteen inches from the ground. When I pulled up my horse, which was named Sir Landslide, after he was well started, his legs would continue fanning the air so rapidly that it was impossible to follow the movements with the eye. It would often take him ten or fifteen minutes to run down, such was his terrific momentum."

"I've heard of that thing," interposed Jackson Peters. "And the other day I read of some sort of an affair called the Tulking-horn Runaway-preventer. It is connected with the bit in some way. A young man at Lansing, Michigan, tried one while taking his girl out riding. They had to ford a considerable stream, and the Preventer went off in some way while they were in the middle of it, and they had to sit there three hours before they were rescued. And now the girl's mother accuses the young man of letting the thing off on purpose, and there is a good prospect that he will lose the girl."

"When you are quite done with this kindergarten business," said Jones, "I will tell of the Centennial Runaway Paralyzer and Conservator of Force. It was a little invention of my own for use in connection with Sir Landslide. The Griswold Controller worked well, but I saw a loss of force which annoyed me, as I did when I conceived my tramp and cat motors, and my Morning-Star Milker, operated by the motion of the cow's jaw in chewing her cud. In the Centennial Paralyzer and Conservator I had recourse to a dynamo and storage battery under the carriage seat. Beneath the carriage and near the ground I had swung a tread-mill track which could be extended out in front like the gang-plank of a steamboat. Hitching up Sir Landslide, I would start out as usual. At the sight of the first telegraph pole, baby-perambulator, umbrella, or other object which in his judgment furnished a sufficient excuse for running, he would start. When he had got well going I would run forward the track under his feet, and he would find himself standing still, though running with all the fierceness of his vicious nature. My dynamo, propelled by the flying track under the feet of Sir Landslide, would revolve with lightninglike rapidity, and I would divert a part of the force to propelling the carriage, and would jog along at the rate of six miles an hour with my horse going at the rate of twenty-five. The noise of the machinery excited him a good deal, and he would often run for two hours, leaving me with enough power in my storage battery to propel my carriage for a week. People used to come for miles to see me take a quiet morning drive with Sir Landslide and the Paralyzer and Conservator."

"Why did you never put your great invention on the market?" asked Peters.

"Too many other interests, Jackson. But I got it patented, and if you would care for it I'll make you a present of the patent, and you can begin the manufacture of the apparatus along with that of your own ingenious pneumatic galoches for cab-horses, so they won't make so much noise rainy nights."

H. C.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

Through jagged rifts of woodland, sere and red,
  The stubble gleams like some rich treasury floor;
There lie the pumpkins' orbs of gold outspread
  And huskèd corn heaped up in goodly store.

Among the stacks a straying moody breeze
  Makes music like reverberance of brass—
Faint cymbals smote by nature as she sees
  The prophecies of spring-time come to pass.

A film is hung upon the fallow hills;
  An amber sun sleeps in the purple noon;
The noise of blackbirds from the distance thrills—
  Rude revellers 'mid the autumn's harvest boon.

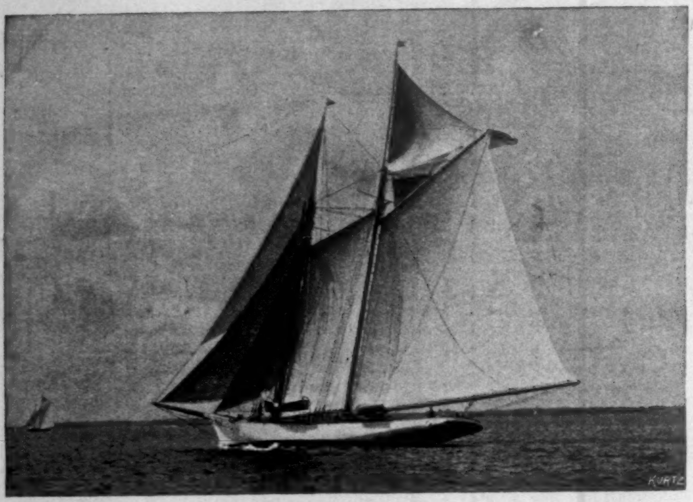
Bright sumac clumps the dusty road-side deck,
  Their leaves like tongues of a devouring flame;
Mixed with dry vestige of the summer's wreck,
  Gray ghosts of flowers of sweet familiar name.

There droops the flexile stalk of golden-rod,
  Its precious sceptre rusted and grown hoar—
As fallen from the hand of prince anod
  In fairy spell of hundred years or more.

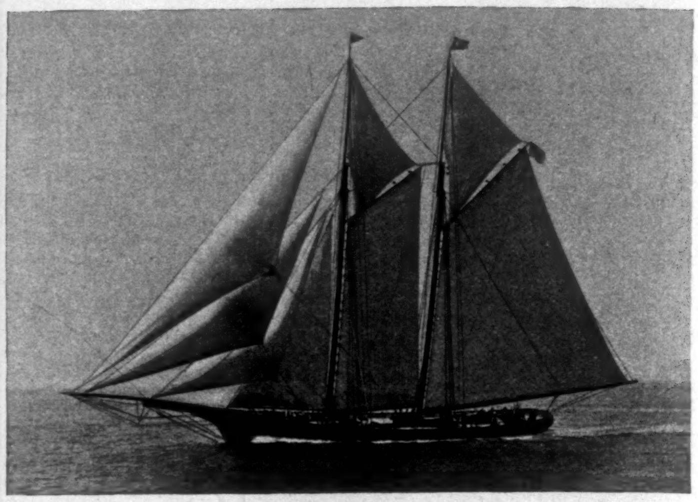
A dampness blurs the stretching meadow sod,
  Nipped by the frost to reddish-brown and gray—
Where, grazing 'mid the milkweed's frothy pod
  And thistles, drearily the cattle stray.

Yet still against the fence's vine-wreathed bars
  The purple asters glow serenely bright—
Mid-autumn's flowers, which, like the evening stars,
  Are harbingers of winter's hastening night.

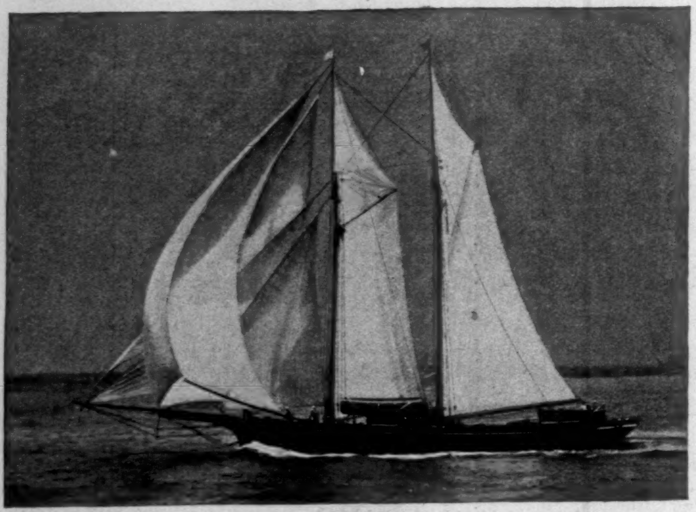
Edward A. Uffington Valentine.



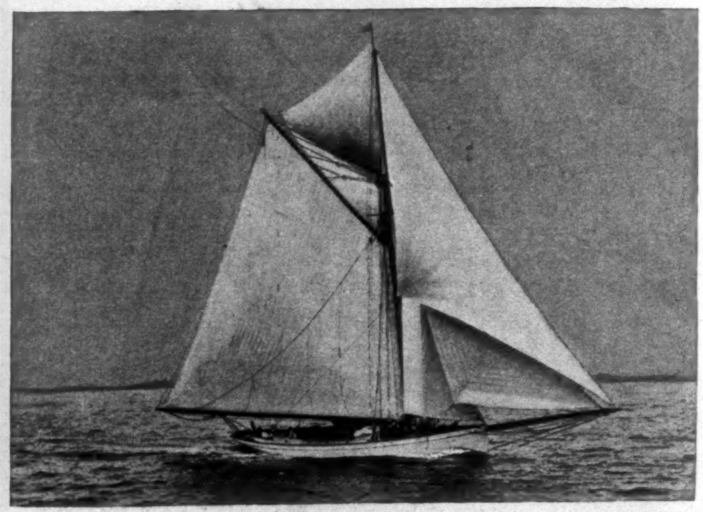
AMERICA.



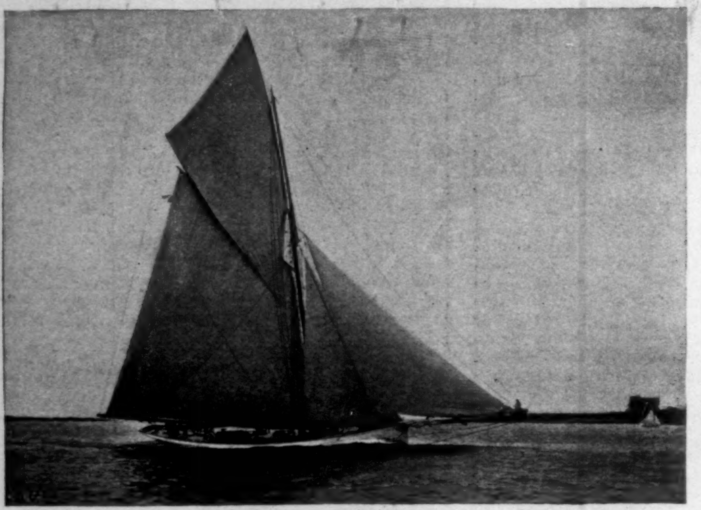
MADELINE.



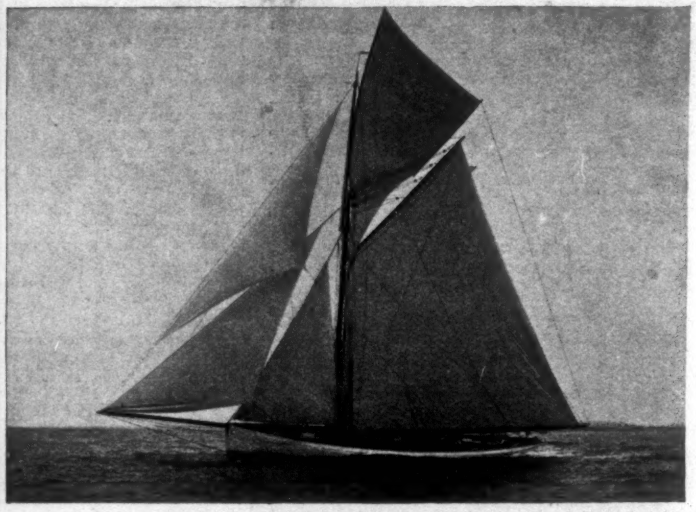
COLUMBIA.



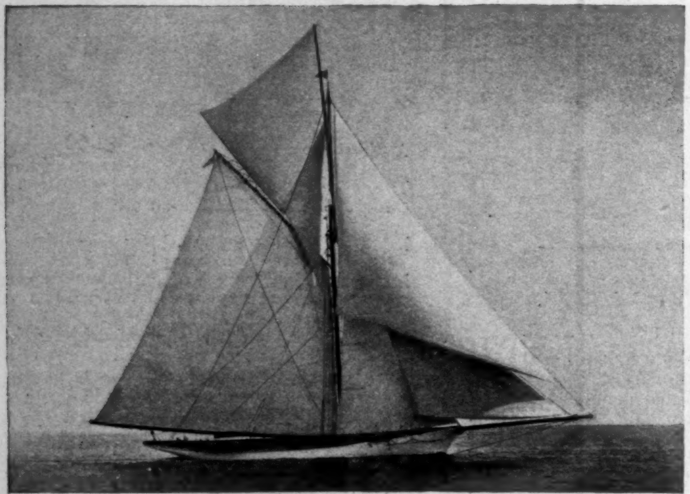
MISCHIEF.



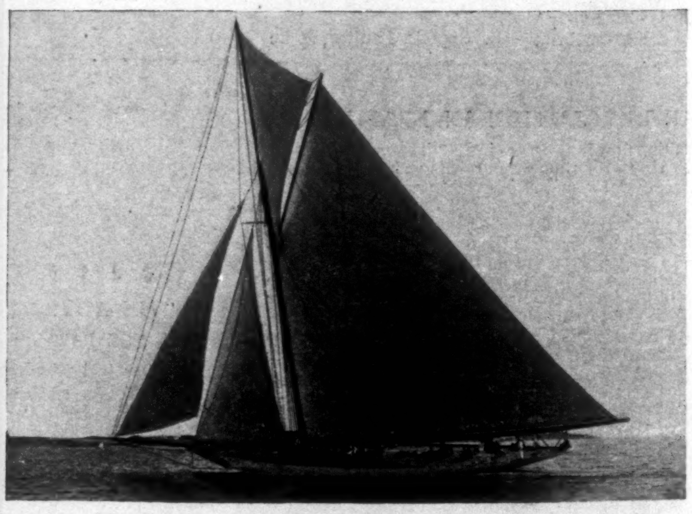
PURITAN.



MAYFLOWER.

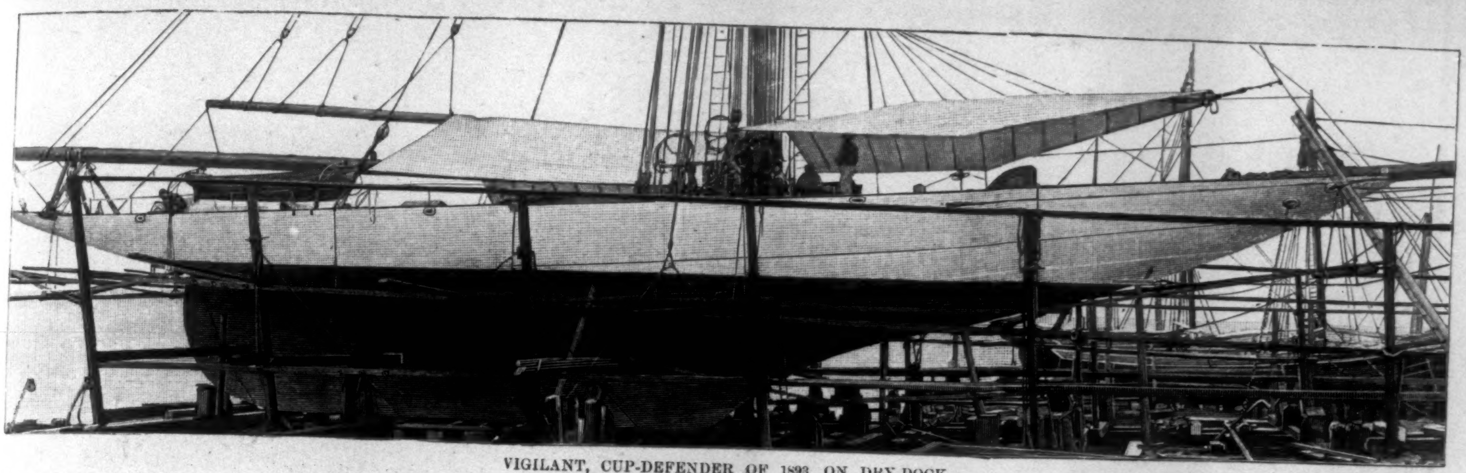


VOLUNTEER.

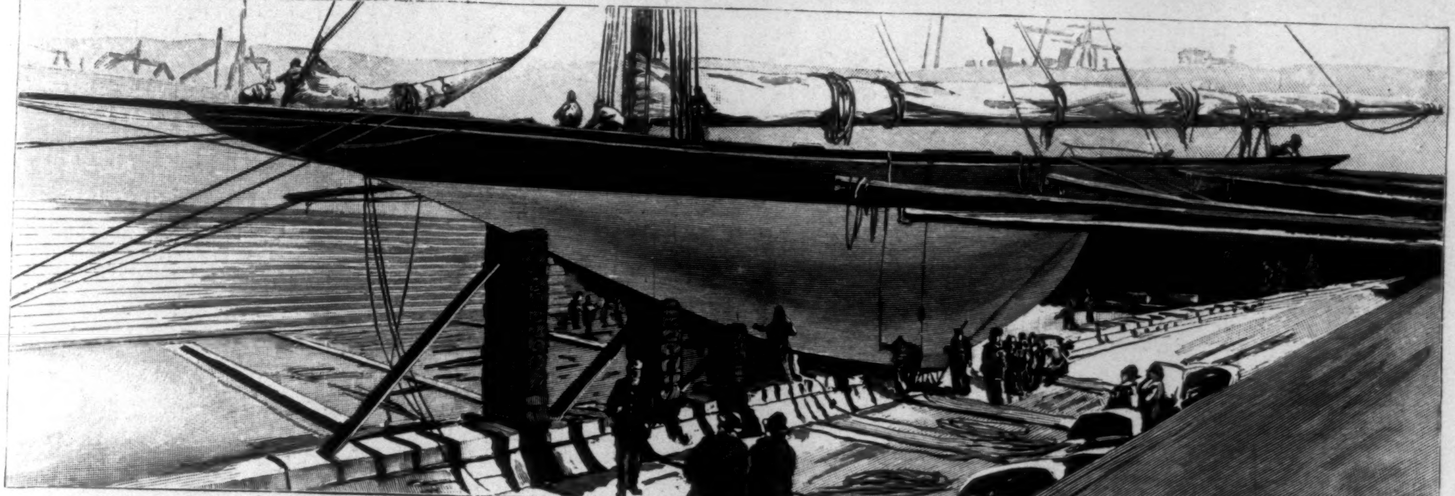


VIGILANT.

DEFENDERS OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP, PAST AND PRESENT.—[See Page 966.]

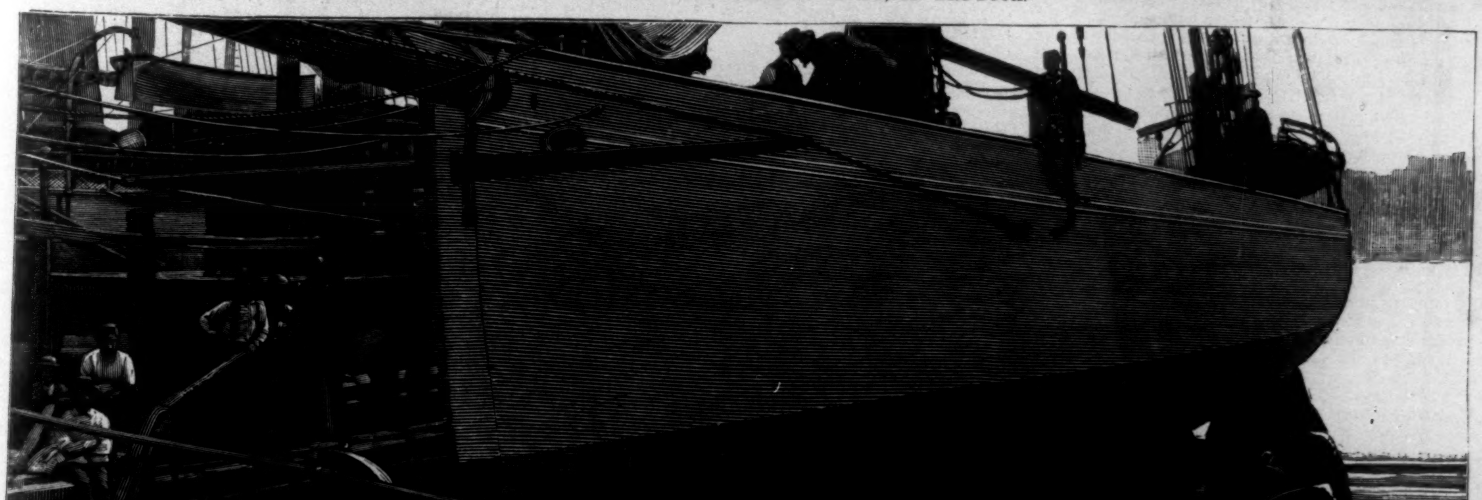


VIGILANT, CUP-DEFENDER OF 1893, ON DRY-DOCK.



VALKYRIE, BRITISH CHALLENGER OF 1893, ON DRY-DOCK.

GENESTA, THE BRITISH CHALLENGER OF 1885, ON DRY-DOCK.



PURITAN, THE AMERICA'S CUP-DEFENDER OF 1885, ON DRY-DOCK.

CUP-DEFENDERS, PAST AND PRESENT.—[SEE PAGE 966.]

OLD STRAWBERRY BANK.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

STRAWBERRY BANK is the quaint, sweet bit of nomenclature which the early Puritans gave to the site of the present city of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. The name, like the profusion of wild strawberries that suggested it, has vanished. The Puritan himself has resolved into a reminiscence, sombre and phantasmal, like a faded family portrait. The few old houses which remain of his immediate descendants are almost without significance. They are merely the crumbling shells of things dead and gone, of persons and manners and customs that have left no very distinct record of themselves, excepting here and there in some sallow manuscript which has luckily escaped the withering breath of fire, for the old town has managed from the earliest moment of its existence to burn itself up periodically. It is only through the scattered memoranda of ancient town-clerks and in the files of worm-eaten and forgotten newspapers that we are enabled to get glimpses of that life which was once so real and positive and has now become so shadowy. I am of course speaking of the early days of the settlement on Strawberry Bank. They were stormy and eventful days. The dense forest which surrounded the clearing was alive with hostile red men. The sturdy pilgrim went to sleep with his firelock at his bedside, not knowing at what moment he might be awakened by the glare of his burning hay-ricks and the piercing war-whoop of the Womponoags. Year after year he saw his harvest reaped by a sickle of flame, as he peered through the loop-holes of the block-house, whither he had flown in hot haste with goodwife and little ones. The block-house at Strawberry Bank appears to have been on an extensive scale, with stockades for the shelter of cattle. It held large supplies of stores, and was amply furnished with arquebuses, sakers, and murtherers, a species of naval ordnance which probably did not belie its name. It also boasted, we are told, of two drums for training-days, and no fewer than fifteen hautboys and soft-voiced recorders—all which suggests a mediæval castle, or a grim fortress in the time of Queen Elizabeth. To the younger members of the community glass or crockery-ware was an unknown substance; to the elders it was a memory. An iron pot was the pot-of-all-work, and their table utensils were of beaten pewter. The diet was also of the simplest—pea porridge and corn cake, with a mug of ale or a flagon of Spanish wine, when they could get it.

John Mason, who was never personally in this country, but delegated the management of his plantation at Piscataqua and Newichewannock to stewards, died before realizing any appreciable returns from his enterprise. He spared no endeavor, meanwhile, to further its prosperity. In 1632, three years before his death, Mason sent over from Denmark a number of neat cattle, "of a large breed and yellow colour." The herd thrived, and it is said that some of the stock is still extant on farms in the vicinity of Portsmouth. Those old first families had a kind of staying quality!

In May, 1653, the inhabitants of the settlement petitioned the General Court at Boston to grant them a definite township—for the boundaries were doubtful—and the right to give it a proper name. "Whereas the name of this plantation att present being Strabery Banke, accidentally soe called, by reason of a banke where straberries was found in this place, now we humbly desire to have it called *Portsmouth*, being a name most suitable for this place, it being the river's mouth, and good as any in this land, and your petit'rs shall humbly pray," *etc.*

Throughout that formative period and during the intermittent French wars, Portsmouth and the outlying districts were the scenes of many bloody Indian massacres. No portion of the New England colony suffered more. Famine, fire, pestilence, and war, each in its turn, and sometimes in conjunction, beleaguered the little stronghold, and threatened to wipe it out. But that was not to be.

The settlement flourished and increased in spite of all, and as soon as it had leisure to draw breath, it bethought itself of the school-house and the jail—two incontestable signs of budding civilization. At a town meeting in 1662 it was ordered "that a cage be made or some other meanes invented by the selectmen to punish such as sleepe or take tobacco on the Lord's day out of the meetinge in the time of the publique service." This salutary measure was not for some reason carried into effect until nine years later, when Captain John Pickering, who seems to have had as many professions as Michaelangelo, undertook to construct a cage twelve feet square and seven feet high, with a pillory on top; "the said Pickering to make a good strong dore and make a substantiall payre of stocks and place the same in said cage." A spot conveniently near the west end of the meeting-house was selected as the site for this ingenious device. It is more than probable that "the said Pickering" indirectly furnished an occasional bird for his cage, for in 1672 we find him and one Edward Westwere authorized by the selectmen to "keepe houses of publique entertainment." He was a versatile individual, this John Pickering—soldier, miller, moderator, carpenter, lawyer, and innkeeper. Michaelangelo need not blush to be bracketed with him. In the course of a long and variegated career he never failed to act according to his lights, which he always kept well trimmed. That Captain Pickering subsequently became the grandfather, at several removes, of the present writer was no fault of the Captain's, and should not be laid up against him.

Down to 1696 the education of the young appears to have been a rather desultory and tentative matter; "the young idea" seems to have been allowed to "shoot" at whatever it wanted to; but in that year it was voted "that care be taken that an abell scollmaster [skullmaster!] be provided for the towen as the law directs, *not visious in conversation.*" That was perhaps demanding too much; for it was not until "May ye 7" of the following year that the selectmen were fortunate enough to put their finger on this *rara avis* in the person of Mr. Tho. Phippes, who agreed "to be scollmaster for the towen this yr insewing for teaching the inhabitants children in such manner as other schollmasters yously doe throughout the countrie: for his soe doinge we the sellectt men in behalfe of ower towen doe ingage to pay him by way of rate twenty pounds and yt he shall and may reserve from every father or master that sends theyer children to school this yeare after ye rate of 16s for readers, writers and cypherers 20s, Lattiners 24s."

Modern advocates of phonetic spelling need not plume themselves on their originality. The town-clerk who wrote that delicious "yously doe" settles the question. It is to be hoped that Mr. Tho. Phippes was not only "not visious in conversation" but was more conventional in his orthography. He evidently gave satisfaction, and clearly exerted an influence on the town-clerk, Mr. Samuel Keais, who ever after shows a marked improvement in his own methods. In 1704 the town empowered the selectmen "to call and settell a gramer scoll according to ye best of yower judgment and for ye advantag [Keais is obviously dead now] of ye youth of ower town to learn them to read from ye primer, to wright and sypher and to learne ym the tongues and good-manners." On this occasion it was Mr. William Allen, of Salisbury, who engaged "dilligently to attend ye school for ye present yeare, and tech all children yt can read in thaire psallters and upward." From such humble beginnings were evolved some of the best public high-schools at present in New England.

Portsmouth did not escape the witchcraft delusion, though I believe that no hangings took place within the boundaries of the township. Dwellers by the sea are generally superstitious; sailors always are. There is something in the illimitable expanse of sky and water that dilates the imagination. The folk who live along the coast live on the edge of a perpetual mystery; only a strip of yellow sand or gray rock separates them from the unknown; they hear strange voices in the winds at midnight; they are haunted by the spectres of the mirage. Their minds quickly take the impress of uncanny things. The witches therefore found a sympathetic atmosphere in Newcastle, at the mouth of the Piscataqua—that slender paw of land which reaches out into the ocean and terminates in a spread of sharp flat rocks, like the claws of an amorous cat. What happened to the good folk of that picturesque little fishing-hamlet is worth retelling in brief. In order properly to retell it, a contemporary witness shall be called upon to testify in the case of the Stone-throwing Devils of Newcastle. It is the Rev. Cotton Mather who addresses you:

"On June 11, 1682, showers of stones were thrown by an invisible hand upon the house of George Walton at Portsmouth [Newcastle was then a part of the town]. Whereupon the people going out found the gate wrung off the hinges, and stones flying and falling thick about them, and striking of them seemingly with *a great force*, but really affecting 'em no more than if *a soft touch* were given them. The glass windows were broken by stones that came not from without, but from within; and other instruments were in a like manner hurled about. Nine of the stones they took up, whereof some were as hot as if they came out of the fire; and marking them they laid them on the table; but in a little while they found some of them again flying about. The spit was carried up the chimney, and coming down with the point forward, stuck in the back log, from whence one of the company removing it, it was by an invisible hand thrown out at the window. This disturbance continued from day to day; and sometimes a dismal hollow *whistling* would be heard, and sometimes the *trotting* and *snorting* of a horse, but nothing to be seen. The man went up the Great Bay in a boat onto a farm which he had there; but there the stones found him out, and carrying from the house to the boat a *stirrup iron*, the *iron* came jingling after him through the woods as far as his house; and at last went away and was heard no more. The *anchor* leaped overboard several times and stopt the boat. A cheese was taken out of the press, and crumbled all over the floor; a piece of iron stuck into the wall, and a kettle hung thereon. Several cocks of hay, mow'd near the house, were taken up and hung upon the trees, and others made into small whisps, and scattered about the house. A man was much hurt by some of the stones. He was a Quaker, and suspected that a woman, who charged him with injustice in detaining some land from her, did by *witchcraft* occasion these preternatural occurrences. However, at last they came to an end."

Now I have done with thee, O credulous and sour Cotton Mather! so get thee back again to thy tomb in the old burying-ground on Copp's Hill, where, unless thy nature is radically changed, thou makest it uncomfortable for those about thee.

Nearly a hundred years afterward Portsmouth had another witch—a tangible witch in this instance—one Molly Bridget, who cast her malign spell on the eleemosynary pigs at the Almshouse, where she chanced to reside at the moment. The pigs were manifestly bewitched, and Mr. Clement March, the superintendent of the institution, saw only one remedy at hand, and that was to cut off and burn the tips of their tails. But when the tips were cut off they disappeared, and it was in consequence quite impracticable to burn them. Mr. March, who was a gentleman of expedients, ordered that all the chips and underbrush in the yard should be made into heaps and consumed, hoping thus to catch and do away with the mysterious and provoking extremities. The fires were no sooner lighted than Molly Bridget rushed from room to room in a state of frenzy. With the dying flames her own vitality subsided, and she was dead before the ash-piles were cool. I say it seriously when I say that these are facts of which there is authentic proof.

If the woman had recovered she would have fared badly, even at that late period, had she been in Salem; but the death-penalty has never been hastily inflicted in Portsmouth. The first execution that ever took place there was that of Sarah Simpson and Penlope Kenny, for the murder of an infant in 1739. The sheriff was Thomas Packer, the same official who twenty-nine years later won unenviable notoriety at the hanging of Ruth Blay. The circumstances are set forth by the late Albert Laighton in a spirited ballad, which is too long to quote in full. The following stanzas, however, give the pith of the story:

> "And a voice among them shouted,
> 'Pause before the deed is done;
> We have asked reprieve and pardon
> For the poor misguided one.'
>
> "But these words of Sheriff Packer
> Rang above the swelling noise:
> 'Must I wait and lose my dinner?
> Draw away the cart, my boys!'
>
> . . . .
>
> "Nearer came the sound and louder,
> Till a steed with panting breath,
> From its sides the white foam dripping,
> Halted at the scene of death;
>
> "And a messenger alighted,
> Crying to the crowd, 'Make way!
> This I bear to Sheriff Packer;
> 'Tis a pardon for Ruth Blay!'"

But of course he arrived too late—the Law led Mercy about twenty minutes. The crowd dispersed, horror-stricken; but it assembled again that night before the sheriff's domicile and expressed its indignation in groans. His effigy, hanged on a miniature gallows, was afterward paraded through the streets.

> "Be the name of Thomas Packer
> A reproach for evermore!"

Laighton's ballad reminds me that Portsmouth has been prolific in poets, one of whom, at least, has left a mouthful of perennial rhyme for orators—Jonathan Sewell, with his

> "No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is yours."

I have somewhere seen a volume with the alliterative title of *Poets of Portsmouth*, in which are embalmed no fewer than sixty immortals!

But to drop into prose again, and have done with this iliad of odds and ends. Portsmouth has the honor, I believe, of establishing the first recorded pauper workhouse—though not in connection with her poets, as might naturally be supposed. The building was completed and tenanted in 1716. Seven years later an act was passed in England authorizing the establishment of parish workhouses there. The first and only keeper of the Portsmouth almshouse up to 1750 was a woman—Rebecca Austin.

Speaking of first things, we are told by Mr. Nathaniel Adams, in his *Annals of Portsmouth*, that on the 20th of April, 1761, Mr. John Stavers began running a stage from that town to Boston. The carriage was a two-horse curricle, wide enough to accommodate three passengers. The fare was thirteen shillings and sixpence sterling per head. The curricle was presently superseded by a series of fat yellow coaches, one of which—nearly a century later, and long after that pleasant mode of travel had fallen obsolete—was the cause of much mental tribulation* to the writer of this chronicle.

The mail and the newspaper are closely associated factors in civilization, so I mention them together, though in this case the newspaper antedated the mail-coach about five years. On October 7, 1756, the first number of *The New Hampshire Gazette and Historical Chronicle* was issued in Portsmouth from the press of Daniel Fowle, who in the previous July had removed from Boston, where he had undergone a brief but uncongenial imprisonment on suspicion of having printed a pamphlet entitled, "The Monster of Monsters, by Tom Thumb, Esq.," an essay that contained some uncomplimentary reflections on several official personages. The *Gazette* was the pioneer journal of the province. It was followed at the close of the same year by *The Mercury and Weekly Advertiser*, published by a former apprentice of Fowle, a certain Thomas Furber, backed by a number of restless Whigs, who considered the *Gazette* not sufficiently outspoken in the cause of liberty. Mr. Fowle, however, contrived to hold his own until the day of his death. Fowle had for pressman a faithful negro named Primus, a full-blooded African. Whether Primus was a freeman or a slave I am unable to state. He lived to a great age, and was a prominent figure among the people of his own color.

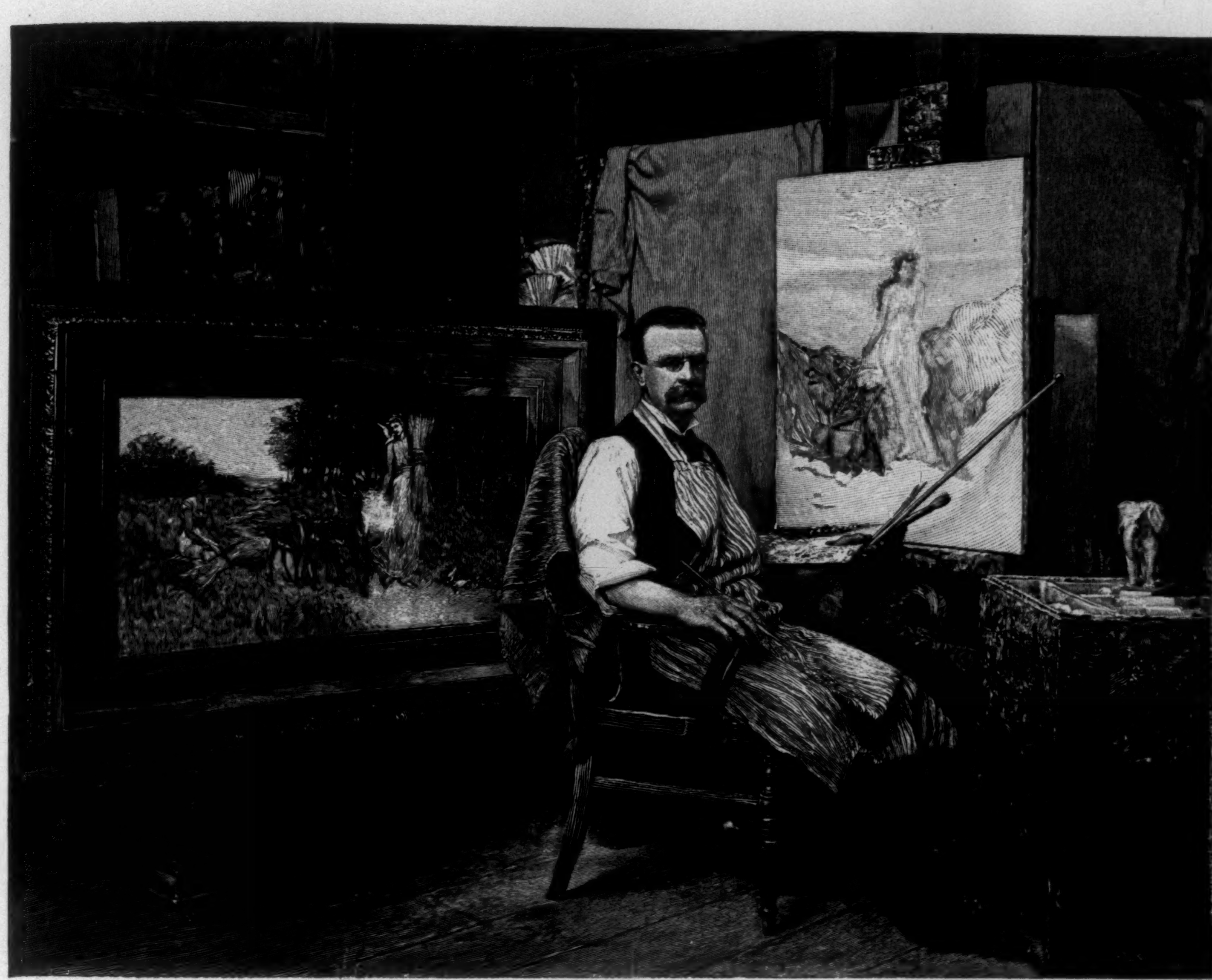
Negro slavery was common in New England at that period. In 1767 Portsmouth numbered in its population a hundred and eighty-eight slaves, male and female. Their bondage, happily, was nearly always of a light sort, if any bondage can be light. They were allowed to have a kind of government of their own, indeed were encouraged to do so, and no unreasonable restrictions were placed on their social enjoyment. They annually elected a king and counsellors, and celebrated the event with a procession. The aristocratic feeling was highly developed in them. The rank of the master was the slave's rank. There was a great deal of ebony standing around on its dignity in those days. For example, Governor Langdon's manservant, Cyrus Bruce, was a person who insisted on his distinction, and it was recognized. His massive gold chain and seals, his cherry-colored small-clothes and silk stockings, his ruffles and silver shoe-buckles, were a tradition long after Cyrus himself was pulverized.

In cases of minor misdemeanor among them the negroes themselves were permitted to be judge and jury. Their administration of justice was often characteristically naïve. Mr. Brewster, in his *Rambles about Portsmouth*, gives an amusing sketch of one of their sessions. King Nero is on the bench, and one Cato—we are nothing if not classical—is the prosecuting attorney. The name of the prisoner and the nature of his offence are not disclosed to posterity. In the midst of the proceedings the hour of noon is clanged from the neighboring belfry of the Old North Church. "The evidence was not gone through with, but the servants could stay no longer from their home duties. They all wanted to see the whipping, but could not conveniently be present again after dinner. Cato ventured to address the King: *Please your Honor, best let the fellow have his whipping now, and finish the trial after dinner.* The request seemed to be the general wish of the company; so Nero ordered ten lashes, for justice so far as the trial went, and ten more at the close of the trial should he be found guilty!"

Slavery in New Hampshire was never legally abolished, unless Abraham Lincoln did it. The State itself has not ever pronounced any emancipation edict. During the Revolutionary war the slaves were gradually emancipated by their masters. That many of the negroes, who had grown gray in service, refused their freedom and elected to spend the rest of their lives as pensioners in the families of their late owners, is a circumstance that illustrates the kindly ties which held between slave and master in the old colonial days in New England.

The institution was accidental and superficial, and never had any real root in the Granite State. If the Puritans could have found in the Scriptures any direct sanction of slavery, perhaps it would have continued a while longer, for the Puritan carried his religion into the business affairs of life; he was not even able to keep it out of his bills of lading. I cannot close this rambling chapter more appropriately and solemnly than by quoting from one of those same pious bills of lading. It is dated June, 1726, and reads: "Shipped by the grace of God in good order and well conditioned, by Wm. Pepperills on there own acct. and risque, in and upon the good Briga called the William, whereof is master under God for this present voyage George King, now riding at anchor in the river Piscataqua and by God's grace bound to Barbadoes." Here follows a catalogue of the miscellaneous cargo, rounded off with: "and so God send the good Briga to her desired port in safety. Amen."

* Some idle reader here and there may possibly recall the burning of the old stage-coach in *The Story of a Bad Boy.*



F. S. CHURCH IN HIS STUDIO.

F. S. CHURCH.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

On a low wheeled stand, made for models to pose on, or for a lounge, for over it is thrown a well-worn Turkish rug, there are strewn portfolios and packages of sketches.

Permitted to rummage at will, I lay hands on an etching, and it startles me. By no manner of means is this the first time I have seen this etching. I am not any more impressionable than is my neighbor, but I have never clapped eyes on this etching without its having given me a distinct impression. It shows a mummy's head.

I am positive there must be a mummy's head somewhere in the studio. Such an object as is on this paper never was born from man's inner consciousness. I look around me, and over the gilt frame of a picture ("The Battle of the Sirens") on a shelf I see the head. It wears a coiffe, and those folds of crumbling cloth were the finishing touches of some fashionable Egyptian embalmer. The skin is stretched taut as is a drum across ridges of bone. There are no smooth cheeks; they are tanned leather. Alone on that shelf, the head is typical of dumb death.

But how comes about a marvel when I scan the etching? On the paper the head lingers, as it were, betwixt life and death. Beneath the print the artist has drawn the symbol of Egypt—the globe that flits, upheld by the wings of eternal existence. Does magic hold its sway by means of graven seals?

Poor old parched lips that never will smile again, plugged up nostrils that will never quiver! How comes it that by means of a single adjunct this fancy is born, that did I wait only long enough those eyelids might tremble, and the sealed lips breathe a faint sigh?

It was such a little thing for the artist to have placed close, close to that shrivelled skull a rose. But then came witchery. The girl is no longer a coagulated mass of albumenoids, hard as a boot heel, shrouded in rotting cerements, forlorn, forgotten, unnamed, discredited, repulsive, profaned. She is alive, dainty, alert, perfumed, little-eared, full-bosomed, pliant as a lotus stalk. She is not mute, for she ripples over with sweet laughter. She is one of the sisterhood Dr. Holmes remembers and calls "those dear dead girls." It is the rose, with its freshness, that bids the dead awake and inhale life's delights.

Call the rose, if you will, something done by trick of contrast; but that etching arouses some deep sentiment—naught less than the expectation of immortality. I write about this etching not as affecting me alone, but others, graver, more callous critics than I presume to be, because it demonstrates better than aught else what is one of the subtleties of Mr. F. S. Church's art.

In the brief sketch of an artist a writer may ask himself which of two things does the public care more to know about, the man or his work? The general reply would be, you must give both, for the man and his work are inseparable, the one the complement of the other. But I do not know that this is always the exact case. When the life-history of some great artist is studied, parallelism between the man and his art shows strange divergencies. Ruskin to the contrary, Turner as a man was far below the merit of his work. Between the battery, the human brain, and the mechanism at the end of the wire there flows that electrical fluid which is never to be particularized.

In studying the work of Mr. Church I have yearned to know how he should have selected for his special domain in art the one which was the least materialistic; for if this painter has any marked characteristic, it is his devotion to what is the purely ideal. It is much easier to say than to prove that poetical temperament is hereditary. Still, it is safe to believe that this particular temperament was born in Mr. Church, and that it awaited development. "Repress nature and it returns at full gallop;" but with Mr. Church such repression as he went through might have turned an amply winged Pegasus into the spavined horse in the shafts of a junk wagon.

I wanted to go as far back as I could, and so I asked Mr. Church to show me his earliest work. We both laugh as he unrolls a boyish panorama, in which robbers and their victims are roughly drawn and crudely colored. It is a childish performance, and shows nothing, save that the villains scowl in a particularly malignant manner. When the artist was a boy he must have suffered from an indigestion of dime novels. Boys are not sentimentalists if they are healthy, and Mr. Church as a lad must have been an uncommonly sound one.

Here are some books Mr. Church gives me to look over. What are these drawings? Save us! Figures copied from *Punch* of thirty odd years ago, the fun of Leech, Doyle, Tenniel, and I find an early squib of Thackeray's. The outlines are fairly vigorous. There is a wash of color, and the tips of noses are painted red. Is Mr. Church to be a caricaturist? Such seemed at first to be his bent. I have due respect for the caricaturist. His power I acknowledge. Only he makes the fireworks of art. He is scintillating for the nonce, but then he goes out, and he is only *une pièce de circonstance*. The artist that was to be was, however, acquiring manipulative dexterity. He tells me he had no liking then for figure-drawing; he loved animal life. "Ever since I remember," said Mr. Church, "I have watched animals. Birds, insects, and frogs, turtles, rabbits, chickens, grasshoppers, all had an intensely comic side to me."

Long, then, before he held a pencil Mr. Church had commenced his studies, and that intense love of animated life is as strong to-day in the matured man as when he was a child. What I am trying to do is to follow an artist's mental development. He saw, then, at first only the ludicrous side of God's creatures, and had but the faintest glimmer of their adaptability to a higher plane of art. But there must have been an inkling of an opposite sentiment, for, mind you, laughing and crying are not so very far apart. Still, things were inchoate, jumbled, blurred, wanting in clearness; only there was present true artistic aspiration. From the lowest to the highest is the natural process, and there are some men who fight their way from the common plane to the mountain-peak. No crown of art ever was won at a bound.

Frederick Stuart Church, known in the lists of American

F. S. KING.

art as F. S. Church (for there are other Churches of distinction who are painters, but to these he is not related), was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1842. The father and mother were Americans; their origin, English and Scotch. Leaving school at Grand Rapids when he was thirteen, he went to Chicago and became a money-delivery clerk in an express company. During the war he volunteered, and saw service in Company A, Chicago Light Artillery. He was in the ranks for three years and three months, was present at many a hard-fought action, and was honorably discharged. Returning to Chicago, he again took office-work in the American Express Company.

I ask Mr. Church, "Why is it that you never have put in your work a bayonet or a battery?" His reply is, "I saw then only funny business—that alone occupied my attention."

He was always drawing. He read Ruskin, and that gave him courage, and certainly chastened his ideas. Walter Shirlaw was then teaching at the Chicago Academy of Design, and Mr. Church took lessons in drawing. At Grand Rapids there had been a drawing-master, but that was but a poor start.

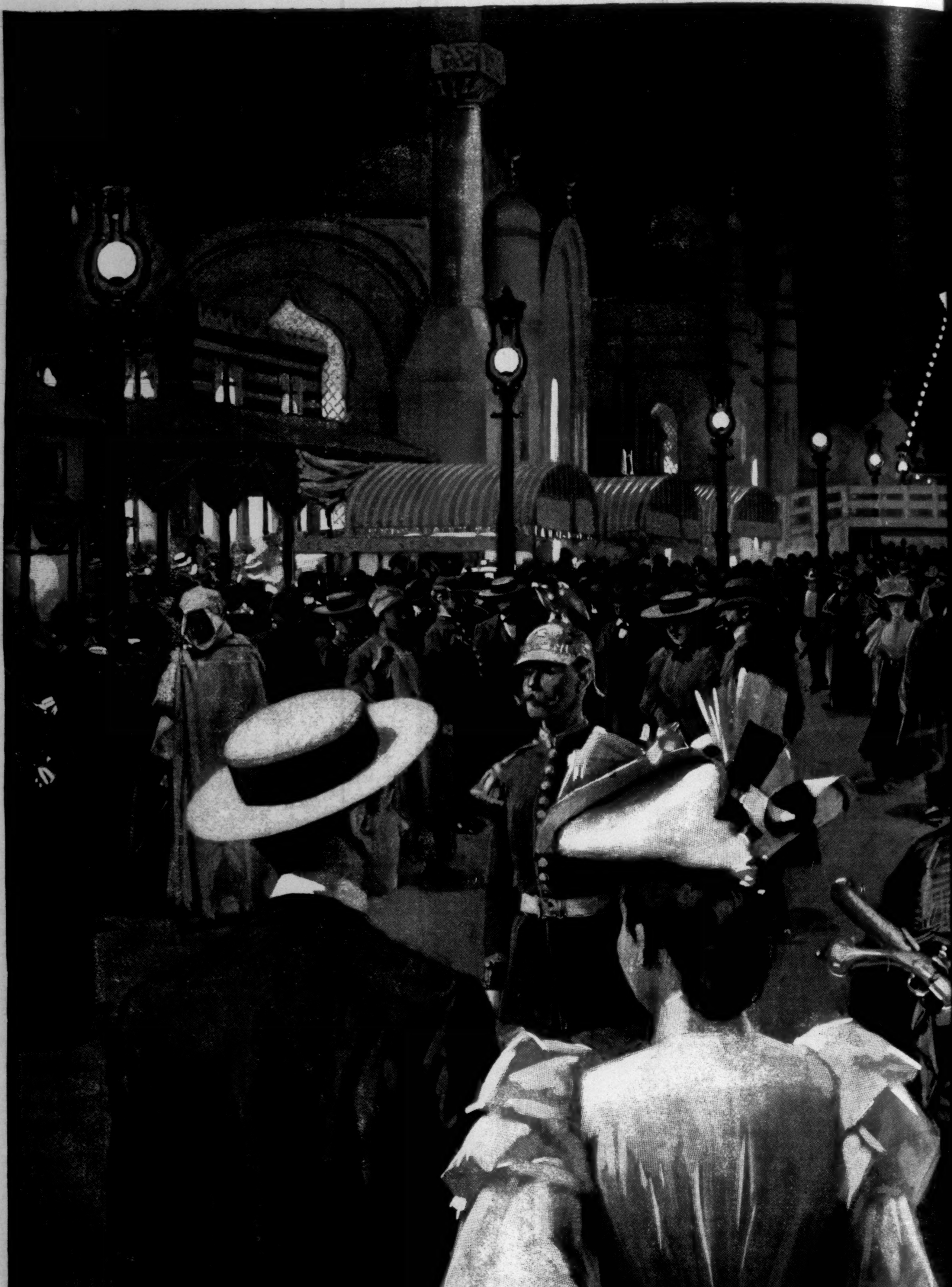
Then there came the yearning to become an artist and the necessity to support himself by his work, and so Mr. Church took to the most uncongenial of tasks—mechanical drawing. Dealers in stoves, steam-engines, patent coffee-mills, wanted cuts for catalogues, and Mr. Church drew on the block for the wood-engravers. It was honest work, but stultifying in an art sense.

In 1868, Mr. Church came to New York. The express business, the mechanical drawing, were his prentice hours, but those days were not over. His knowledge of art was limited. It is very old at twenty-six to begin an art career in a great city. For the one man who succeeds when more than a third of a life is spent there are 99,999 who fail or lapse into mediocrity.

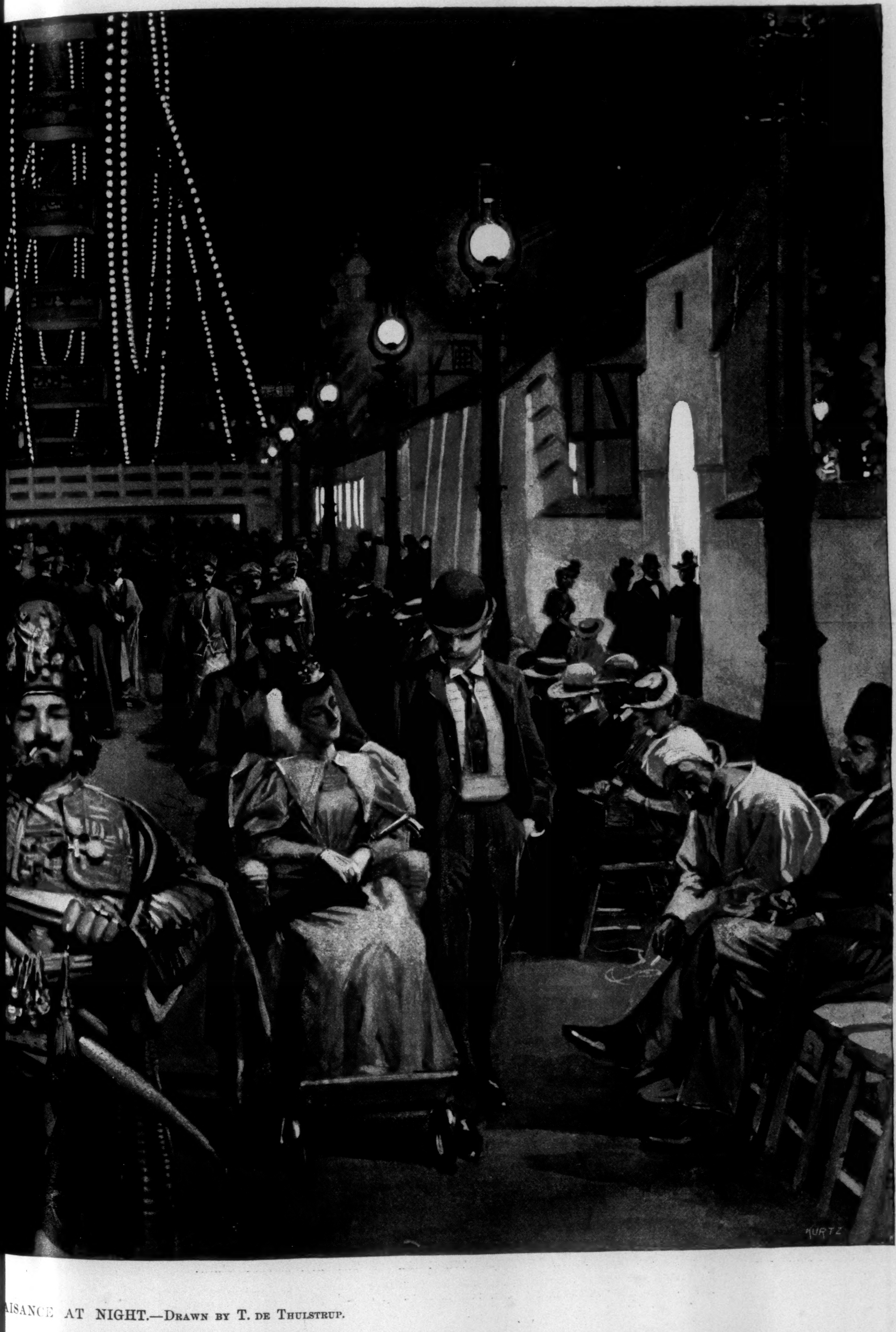
The real serious work of his life began when Mr. Church studied at the Academy of Design, with L. E. Wilmath as his teacher. During the day he went to the Park and sketched animals. At night there were lessons at the academy.

"I worked hard then," said Mr. Church. When Mr.

(*Continued on page 962.*)



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MIDWAY PL



[P]AISANCE AT NIGHT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

(*Continued from page 959.*)

Church had said that, I knew it meant the case of a man who, save when eating and sleeping, never had pencil out of his fingers. I am positive that, with some acquaintance with artists, I never met any one who was such a glutton for work as this Mr. Church. It has been my good fortune, simply as text-maker, to have been associated with Mr. Church in the preparation of certain articles for the publications of the Messrs. Harper, and I never saw such intense painstaking displayed as in Mr. Church's studies of animal life. One pose of an animal never sufficed him. There are in Mr. Church's portfolios thousands of sketches of lions, tigers, panthers, pumas, leopards, bears, and the *croquis* of birds are countless. One might say that the poses of the flamingo are innumerable, each one modified by twist of neck, stretch of leg, or droop of wing, and yet it may be asserted that no eccentricity of that bird escapes Mr. Church's notice, but has been précised by means of a careful study. I was amazed when I saw Mr. Church's work in other directions, relating to trees and plants. It is permissible for an artist to jot down in his working sketches barely more than the impressions of what he sees. For faithfulness, care of detail, minute handling, truthfulness, elaboration, and high execution, these studies of trees would show a side of art on the part of Mr. Church which would astonish those ignorant of his powers.

I must confess to have chuckled with an inward pleasure when I saw these studies, for I lugged them in at once as buttressing a certain art theory I had formulated relative to Mr. Church. An artist who would walk ten miles to see only a pump in a country farm-house, so as to sketch it, must believe that a certain fixed amount of realism is the true foundation for idealism. That sounds paradoxical, but it is not of my invention.

"Here is my first pay work," and Mr. Church exhibited the advertising pamphlet of a watch company. It was an almanac with comic figures. This was the début. Soon followed caricatures of birds and animals, which were used in HARPER'S MONTHLY, in the WEEKLY, in HARPER'S BAZAR. Occasionally a figure was introduced. "And they were very poor," said Mr. Church. "I did not know anything about figures then."

Water-colors were taken up by Mr. Church, and here there was success. Now see how the flame was burning, and the man forced to keep it smouldering, for want of a proper draught. His solace was work, and work. He pounded and he pounded, and by sheer will and pluck, 'twixt anvil and hammer stroke, little by little the metal began to shape itself.

"I do not know whether people did not in time tire of my bird or animal caricatures. One day when I sent a sketch to Harper's it was returned, with the message that it was 'not funny enough.' Though this was true, my heart was quite broken. It was a question of existence. It was the best, the sharpest, lesson I ever had. Once determined to be more serious in art, I breathed all the freer. Then I said to myself, 'It shall be figure-work, with such attributes as are my own,' and so I set to work and studied harder than ever."

Constant application, close toil, "the infinite capacity of taking pains," brought about their inevitable results. It was the melting process, and the dross was skimmed. Mayhap by long vigils there comes something akin to æsthetic ecstasy, but then there must be a goodly modicum of hard common-sense left to fall back upon, or the man becomes an art faddist or an eccentric, and not to be understood.

Mr. Church's ability to present poetical subjects never, then, came to him at once. His own ideals he strove to reach when he was past thirty. It was a matured will, a dogged persistence, which did it. Hours, months, years, of fagging toil were devoted to one end. Millions of lines were drawn, with millions of touches of brushes, before he could arrive at his own particular delicacy of handling the color expression of his deeper sentiments. For years he was tantalized with the subjects which his hands failed of power to put on canvas. Mr. Church's is the sincerest cult of art I know of.

At last came success, recognition, for Mr. Church had touched a new chord. In contrast with the absolute perfection of his animals or birds, there came their consorting with the daintiest of human figures.

Mr. Church's work begins with his first picture in oil, "The Witch's Daughter," of 1882, and after that that nobly conceived one, "Pegasus Captured." Then followed "White Swans and Pink Lilies," "The Viking's Daughter," "Beneath the Sea," "The Sibyl," "Knowledge is Power," "The Fog," "The Sorceress," and "The Battle of the Sirens."

Mr. Church's etchings have been many. These are highly prized by collectors, not alone because of their rare excellence, but because the artist, apparently indifferent as to their merits after a few impressions had been made, used the plates for new subjects. "The Mummy Head and the Rose" was painted for the National Academy, then etched. This strikingly poetical work has been reproduced in France with such high encomiums as to its quality as few artists, whether native or foreign, receive. To paint a picture is no slight work for Mr. Church. What to many would seem an easy task is to this artist something requiring long deliberation. The idea has been conceived, but its execution is pondered over. For one of the smallest heads, but an inch long, Mr. Church tells me, months may elapse before he can find the exact study he wants. He must assort the model to his picture, not the picture to the model. He is fastidious as to the character of the material, and as to the way the folds of a drapery fall.

It interested me to know why his mermaids, as in that beautiful painting "Beneath the Sea," have their fair locks floating upwards in the water. Generally the sea-woman is conventional, wearing her hair plastered or trailing down her back, as if she were always stranded on terra firma.

"How could mermaids wear their hair under water as in a drawing-room?" asked Mr. Church. "There never is a woman performing in a tank in a circus or side show that I do not see her. Her hair always floats in the water."

The ideal is intangible; it will flit by you, its meaning escape you, if there be not something for it to anchor to. I am sure Mulready felt this. He was criticising somebody's work which was vaporish. The painter of the diaphanous in thought and texture resented Mulready's criticisms, and kept repeating, "But, Mr. Mulready, my subject is purely ideal."

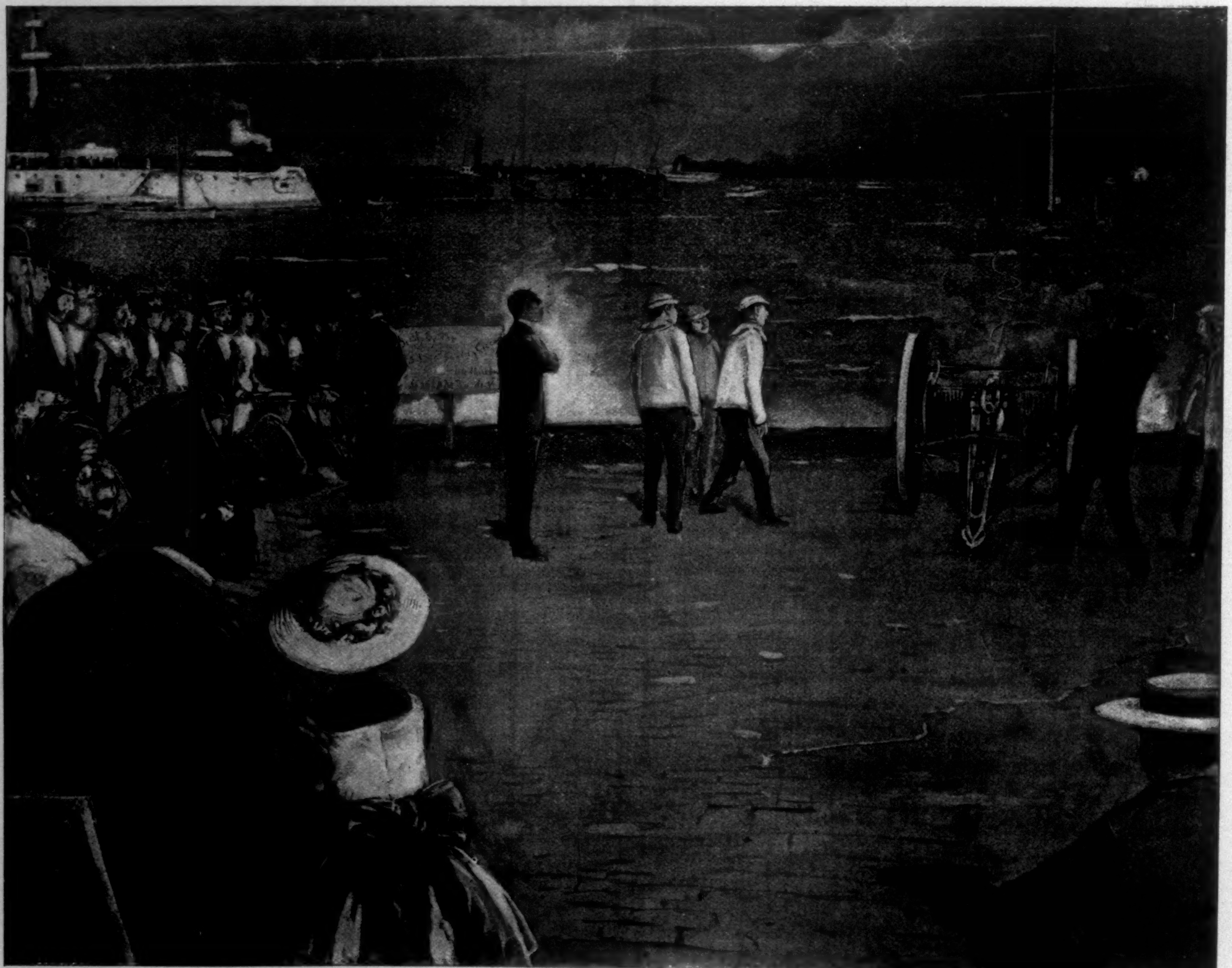
"Don't you think, though," replied Mr. Mulready, "that the work of those who wish to give life, to impart a real existence, to the ideal must present some matter which has been observed in living organisms? You may consider Paradise as your ideal, but you cannot put imaginary trees in the Garden of Eden."

Mr. Church then lures your fancy far beyond the canvas, and yet holds you to it by those actualities which you know to exist. It is, then, for poetical sentiment, without anything lackadaisical, that this artist occupies a ground which no one has ever set foot on before, and it is the domain of a wisely tempered idealism.

The former clerk of the Chicago express office is to-day an Academician of the National Academy of Design, a member of the Society of American Artists, of the New York Etching Club, and of the Art Students' League. The daintiest of art-workers is fortunate in possessing a fine physique, for Mr. Church is over six feet in height.

Mr. Francis S. King, the wood-engraver, whose fine hand is discernible in the translation of Mr. Church's work, furnishes the illustration of Mr. Church's studio. "The Fog," "The Sorceress," published before this in HARPER'S WEEKLY, were engraved by Mr. King. Among the awards given at Chicago, in the Department of Fine Arts, Mr. King's name is found joined with Coles, Davis, Kingsley, Aikman, Bernstrom, and others. The pen-and-ink portrait on page 959 is an exact likeness of the engraver. "I was born," Mr. King writes, "in Maine, with a love for pictures and for a jack-knife." He became an illustrator when barely ten years old. The practical side of art being a necessity, Mr. King "painted banners and chops and puddings on signboards." Coming to New York in 1870, he first was taught the use of the graving-tool.

What with the rapid progress photogravure has made, places for the second-class men in wood-engraving are lost. It is only the very best artists who have survived, and for these there always will be a demand for their special talents. The ability to master the mechanism of the line does not alone suffice. The wood-engravers, such as have been signally noticed at the Chicago Fair, are artists in the highest sense. They never could cut wood so as to simulate color and effects without a thorough acquaintance with the practical part of a painter's art. Mr. King is, then, an artist, skilful with brush and palette, and because of that he is the best interpreter or the most sympathetic translator of Mr. Church's pictures.

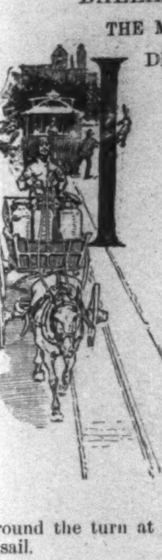


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY WITNESS THE DRILL OF THE LIFE-SAVING CREW.

MR. JOHNSON. "DEY'S SHOOTIN' A CLO'ES-LINE OUT TO UM NOW."
MRS. JOHNSON. "DEY'S GWINE TO SAVE DEIR CLO'ES FUST, I S'POSE."

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE MERRY CABLE-CAR.



I DREAMED a merry Cable-Car one
night did visit me.
"I've had a bully time," it said, its
face enwreathed with glee.
"I've had a picnic all the day," re-
marked the festive one;
"And here's about the substance of
the things I've been and done:

"I started out at six o'clock. I
clinged and clanged my gong
To wake up all the sleepers as
I swiftly sped along.
I waked up sixty invalids, each
one in need of sleep.
Ho! ho! There's lots of fun for
those who sow but never
reap!

"I flew as swiftly as a bird
about the city curves,
And joy, O joy! I did destroy
no end of people's nerves.
I amputated one man's foot,
upon the western rail,
As round the turn at Union Square I travelled 'neath full
sail.

"Then, as I came near Astor Place, a milkman had the
road,
But I cared naught for him and his. I overturned his
load.
A hundred quarts of milk were lost. Oho! Aha! Hee-
hee!
It is a lovely, lovely thing a cable-car to be!

"At City Hall there was a jam of wagons in my way;
But I went on. 'Cling-clang, clang-clang!' I sang my
little lay.
I strewed the street with wheels and things, truck rungs,
and nice fresh eggs,
And if I'm not mistaken, here and there broke several
legs.

"I smashed into another car, and cut a baby's eye;
I overturned a hansom cab—the driver's going to die.
I also killed a dog or two, and three or four I maimed;
But maiming isn't half the fun some other cars have
claimed.

"Oh, I'm a randy-dandy car! I'll have a record soon
That can't be equalled on the earth, the sun, the stars, or
moon.
The car of Juggernaut within the consommé will land,
Unless some busybody of the law takes me in hand.

"So come with me to-morrow, come. Nor mind if there
be storm.
Come watch me at my work whilst I am in the best of
form.
I'll show you such a gory sight as Bonaparte ne'er saw,
For I'm a dandy Cable-Car that's not restrained by law."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A GALLOP THROUGH THE MIDWAY.

THE Midway is a rather engaging place. If it were less commercial it would be great. It is not oppressively "tough." It did not shock Mr. Henry Watterson, as he himself has assured us, and I found myself sufficiently fibrous to withstand it. One can satiate one's appetite for strange sights and sounds, and regale one's self with several hundred distinct and separate odors. He can hear a Viennese girl mix "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" with twenty glasses of beer, or two Turks swear cheerfully at each other in perfect English. At the door of every building is a man who renders into Chicagoese the attractions within. Or, rather, he did until President Higinbotham put his vocal gymnastics under the ban; and now he earns his salary by exercising his powers of pantomime, inviting the passers-by within in an agony of dumb-show, the while violently whacking with his cane a large sign on which is printed the "patter" with which he was wont to assail the ears of the multitude. There is the muffled beating of tomtoms, the shuffling of many feet, the popcorn and lemonade, and thousands of dull, dusty, frowzy folks who stare and gape and imbibe oxlike impressions. With these are people of courage and behavior, and professional ladies from Paris with salmon-colored hair and black eyebrows. The bulk of the moving throng have "corn field" written all over them, and these children of Egypt (that is, lower Illinois) wear bonnets and costumes founded on Worth, but widely at variance. There is much merriment, especially at night, but one sees little drunkenness. The Columbian Guards do not stand in the position of a soldier; and if they did, I am not sure it would serve any good purpose beyond pleasing the eye. Strange fierce-looking negroes who have evidently not felt the elevating influence of South Carolina pass you, and Bedouins who are over-conditioned for folks who eat only barley and figs.

With the clank of a crooked sabre a man in blue clothes, turban, and red leather shoes strides down the middle of the street, and you feel with the sense of admiration creeping over you that if you were not an American you would be a savage of that type. One of Diamond Dick's Indians shuffles along in that weak-kneed, in-toed plod which speaks of the thorough horseman when he "hits the flat." And so they go—humanity in all its dissimilitude. A composite photograph might be a goat or something else dear to the Darwinian heart. After the dim wonder inspired by regarding these images of the Creator had palled, along came a polyglot whose friend I was. He was an officer in the United States navy, and this world is a very little pill to him. We did a lunch in the German *schloss*, and when the coffee, cigars, and the bill came round, I could feel the "hind *cincha*" tighten. The coffee and cigars were great, but the bill was greater, and the plunking of the buzzard dollars on the table suggested that I was paying off the mortgage on the farm. We walked up and saw the "Wild East," where the Arabs ride at top speed, and throw sticks which represent darts at each other, and catch them at times in mid-air. I can understand why writers and artists have dwelt so long on the Bedouin, for if he is not a dashing fellow, with his color and high-tailed horse, nothing can be. The racing dromedaries, too, fill me with wonder. I can never become used to a camel; he seems so remote, does this great shuffling tortuous beast, and he is forever associating himself with old red sandstone, ichthyornes, and jokes from *Punch*.

At the place where the Bedouin women dance, wherever it is, we found a circle of honest Illinois yeomen seated about on chairs, grinning cheerfully as the dancing women whirled. They ruined the environment and consequently the dance. My polyglot friend fired Arabic at the women, close range, and they replied. The audience rewarded us with their attention, and one old lady asked me if I was a Turk—because I looked so intelligent as the conversation proceeded, I suppose—and I said: "Si, señora, me heap Turk," and she believed me, and we were both happy.

We did all the savages in turn, as every one else must do who goes there, and Buffalo Bill's besides, where I renewed my first love.

In the evening it rained, and the Midway was somewhat gloomy. The torture-dance at the Algerian Theatre was attractive to me, but the bell-boy at the Auditorium assured me that it was all a "low fake, see!" and would have explained it all if it had not been my bedtime.

Cairo Street contains the theatre where the women dance in such a shockingly interesting way. It is best not to dwell on this thing. It has been sat upon by the people who best know what is proper or not, and one only goes there in order to verify their judgment. It is now a novelty to Americans, but I fear it would not stand the test of time. As I was looking at the sculptured form of a young woman in the Art Building, a rather excited rural person with a soft hat on the back of his head nudged me, and confided, "Say, the people of Kalamazoo are gettin' used to this yer," and I think that after the people of America could adjust their vision in a cold square gaze at the Cairo girls they would say, "Loie Fuller can win under a pull."

Such were my impressions at the Midway as I crawled into one of those cattle cars which bear the weary sightseer into the city. It fulfils its mission as a great educator, and the universal Yankee nation has an opportunity to observe that part of the world which does not wear Derby hats and spend its life in a top-and-bottom tussel with a mortgage bearing eight per cent.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE is satisfaction for sons of New York in a review in the last number but one of *The Critic*, in which the reviewer takes Professor Goldwin Smith firmly but courteously to task for the inadequacy of the attention paid to New York in the chapter of his new *History of the United States* which treats of the colonies. The reviewer holds that in devoting thirty-nine pages to New England, nine to Virginia, and only a page and a quarter to New York, Professor Smith betrayed a very serious misapprehension of the importance of a colony "which had more to do with the political development of the United States of to-day than any other State in the Union." Far from agreeing with the apparent notion of Professor Smith that the Constitution is but an altered form of the English system, this reviewer appeals to Madison's record of the debates on the Constitution to uphold his assertion that Nederland furnished far more precedents to the fathers of our scheme of government than the British monarchy. It is a refreshment to find in any quarter a disposition to claim due appreciation for the sturdy Dutchmen of New York and the principles they represented. The descendants of the Pilgrims have been so industrious with their pens, and have formed such a habit of attributing all that we have that is good to the inherited virtues of their forebears, that it is a particularly good action to jog our elbows now and then and recall to us that the Pilgrims and Puritans were not the only early settlers of the country who were worth having. If only to restrain the self-conceit of New England, it were well to retell at least once a year the pleasant narrative of the venerable Albanian whose two foremost holidays, annually celebrated, were Christmas and the anniversary of the great storm that blew the Pilgrim fathers off the coast of New York and on to the shores of Massachusetts.

Mr. Walter Besant speaks amiably in the London *Times* of the hall of the Chicago Art Institute, where the Literary Congress was held, as a place where the authors met, "quietly and peacefully," before an audience of Chicago ladies, and where "their proceedings were only interrupted by the bells of the tram and the electric trolly and by *the horn of the railway train*—noises which in an American city must not be considered as any interruption, because they are part and parcel of the city itself." In extenuation of the racket of the Chicago Lake Front he recalls that in mediæval times the roar of London's industries, church bells, and rumbling wheels could be heard as far off as Highgate; which is so kind of him that we may excuse his calling a steam-whistle a "horn," though he will only make some suffering Americans wish that their town noises were as far behind them as London's are.

Mr. Besant was greatly impressed with Chicago, and declares that it is, by long odds, the most American of the American cities. "There," he says, "you are in the very heart of the country, at the very centre of everything," and he prophesies that "Chicago will be to America what Babylon formerly was to Asia."

It will please Chicago to be likened to so fine a town as Babylon. Mr. Besant must have an intention of returning there some time. He is a better-natured traveller than Mr. Kipling, and, from an international-copyright stand-point, a thriftier one, since Kipling's hasty condemnation of the big American towns is reported to have done enormous damage to the circulation of his books in America.

Whether or not Chicago is the centre of all things American, it is the centre of a vast and rich farming district, the people of which seem to be profiting hugely by their propinquity to the fair. It is the Western farmers who have crowded the fair during the last six weeks. It was expected that they would pour in after harvest was over, and they have. One of them, with whom a contemporary paragrapher talked, said that he lived one hundred and twenty-eight miles from Chicago, and added: "All our people have been or are coming to the fair. We don't let such a chance go by for six dollars." If the fair is as great an educator as it is cracked up to be, it is hard to see how the people of the remoter East and the extreme South and West are ever going to catch up in intelligence with this favored population, whose brains can be stored with all the impressions of the fair at a mere cost of some ten dollars a head.

Of all the congresses that have met in the halls of that Chicago Art Institute of which Mr. Besant speaks so politely, none have been anywhere near as popular or have stirred anything like as much public interest as the Religious Congress. There was never before, it would appear, such a dwelling and arguing together of brethren in tolerated diversity. Christians of all stripes—Roman Catholics, Protestants, Greeks, Trinitarians, Unitarians, and Joseph Cook—Buddhists from India, China, and Japan, Shintoists, Zoroastrians, Jews, Mohammedans, Theosophists, and Christian Scientists, all have discoursed together, hearing one another with respect, speaking freely, and listening as freely as they spoke. Much information and many new ideas have been gathered from this remarkable conference, but one important religious question seems to have been left in even greater obscurity than it was found. If, as appears, there is religious truth in all the various creeds and persuasions of the enlightened gentlemen who took part in these recent discussions, when we call upon the heathen to rise and be counted, whom may we expect to see stand up? The only person at the conference who seems to have taken any pains to save some heathen for future missionary use was Mr. Joseph Cook. Even if, as is likely enough, as much effort as ever is made to Christianiz Jews, Buddhists, and Mohammedans, it will be hard for any one who followed the proceedings of the Congress ever again to regard them as plain heathen. The available heathen of these days are cannibals and agnostics. Cannibals are getting scarce, but agnostics are plentiful, and the supply of them promises to be equal to all missionary demands for some decades to come.

The colloquialism "What are you going as?" is probably indefensible by grammarians, but wherever people have conspired together to have a fancy ball it gains currency for a time in spite of its conspicuous defects. Everybody gets into the newspapers first or last. That is a public appearance in character. And did it ever occur to you what you will appear *as* when you make it? What, think you, will the reporter hit upon as your most conspicuous attribute, and the one that identifies you to the most people? Newspaper descriptions are often surprisingly fit to abate the vanity of the person described. A month or two ago there died in a town in Erie County, New York, a certain Mrs. Lavinia Fillmore, who received six lines of gratuitous obituary attention in the New York *Sun*. She possessed one marked distinction in being one hundred and six years old, and with that she was duly credited. She was further identified as "the wife of the clergyman who officiated at the hanging of the three Thayers in Buffalo in 1825," and it was added that her husband was a relative of President Fillmore. To have lived one hundred and six years, to be described at last as the widow of the clergyman who helped at the hanging of the three Thayers in 1825, is a curious instance of the ability of fate to lie low and surprise its victim. Who, do you suppose, were the three Thayers, and what had they done to be sent still farther out of the world than Buffalo was in 1825?

How do you imagine Mr. Keene feels when the Boston *Transcript* speaks of his horse Domino as being the property of "Mr. James R. Keene, father of Foxhall Keene, the polo-player"? Does it make Mr. Keene proud or humble to be drawn out of the obscurity of private life by his horse Domino and his son Foxhall? Very likely it makes him proud, for both Domino and Mr. Foxhall Keene are distinguished individuals, and a credit to their sires. So it was probably a source of gleeful satisfaction at least, if not of pride, to Professor Charles Eliot Norton to find himself described some years ago in a sporting paper as "the father of Eliot Norton, the bicyclist."

A very recent paragraph in the New York *Times* informs American readers that "Joseph Chamberlain, who married the daughter of W. C. Endicott, who was President Cleveland's first Secretary of War, owns five thousand plants, collected in every country in the world." Here is a most entertaining complication of descriptions: the famous Joseph Chamberlain, over whom blood was so lately shed in the House of Commons, is identified as the son-in-law of Judge Endicott; Judge Endicott, a man of lineage and high personal distinction, is explained as President Cleveland's former Secretary of War; and Mr. Chamberlain's five thousand plants are so disposed as to embower and adorn Mr. Cleveland's first administration. It only remained to identify Mr. Cleveland as the father of Ruth and Esther, but want of space, perhaps, prevented that.

It was suggested the other day in this department of HARPER'S WEEKLY that the statue of Lincoln recently unveiled at Edinburgh was possibly the first statue of an American to be set up on European soil. A correspondent writes to say that there was erected in Munich in 1867 a colossal bronze statue of Benjamin Thompson—Count Rumford—to commemorate his services as a statesman to Bavaria.

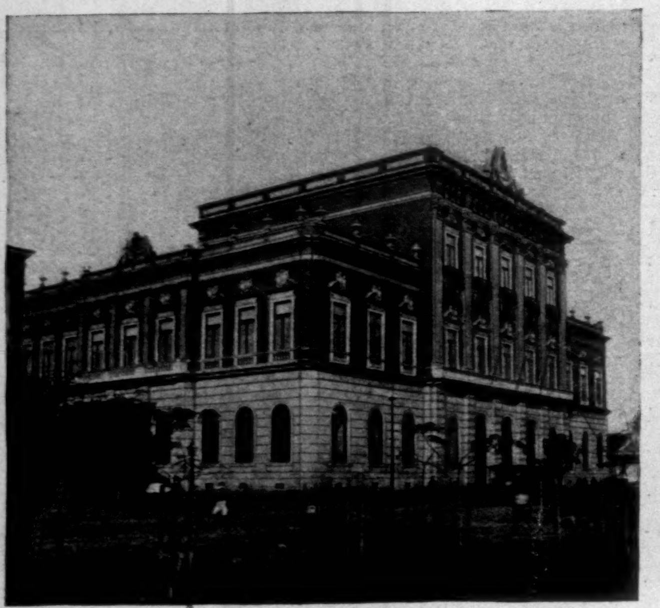
Count Rumford's statue is well worth noting, and yet it is not quite a case in point. Count Rumford was an American by birth, but his statesmanship was wholly European, and was altogether developed after his Tory proclivities had led to his expatriation. He might, perhaps, be called an American inventor or scientist or philanthropist, but hardly an American statesman.

He was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1753, and was undoubtedly the most famous son of that place, but when Woburn lately celebrated its two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary she refused to boast of him, and the orator of the day only gave him half a sentence in his speech. It has been proposed to erect in his honor at Woburn a replica of the statue at Munich, but Woburn hesitates to permit so much honor to be paid to a Tory who allied himself actively with the British in the Revolution.

The correspondent who calls attention to these facts protests against Count Rumford's Toryism being laid up against him at this late day. The protest seems not altogether unreasonable. He was a Tory, but he was an honorable one, and it seems more his misfortune than his fault that his sympathies should have been on the wrong side in the Revolution. When he was made a Count, he took his title from the town in New Hampshire where he was married, and at his death he left a bequest to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and funds to found a professorship at Harvard, showing that his interest in his native country had survived his political differences with his former countrymen. Woburn, it would seem, might properly enough be proud of Count Rumford as a man and a scientist, and condone his Toryism without endorsing it.

E. S. MARTIN.

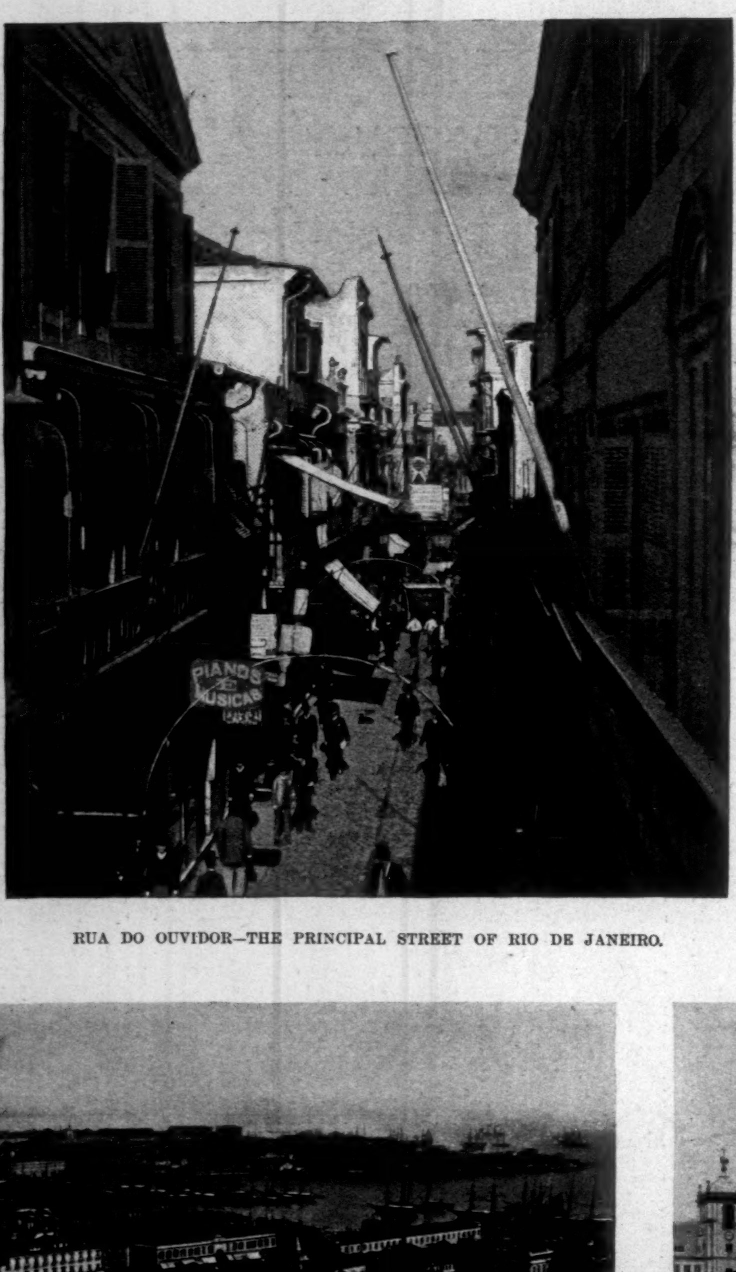
A BANANA VENDER.



THE MUNICIPAL CHAMBER.
The Council now meets in the old Palace.

BAHIA WOMAN.

JANAPUY INDIAN CHIEF.



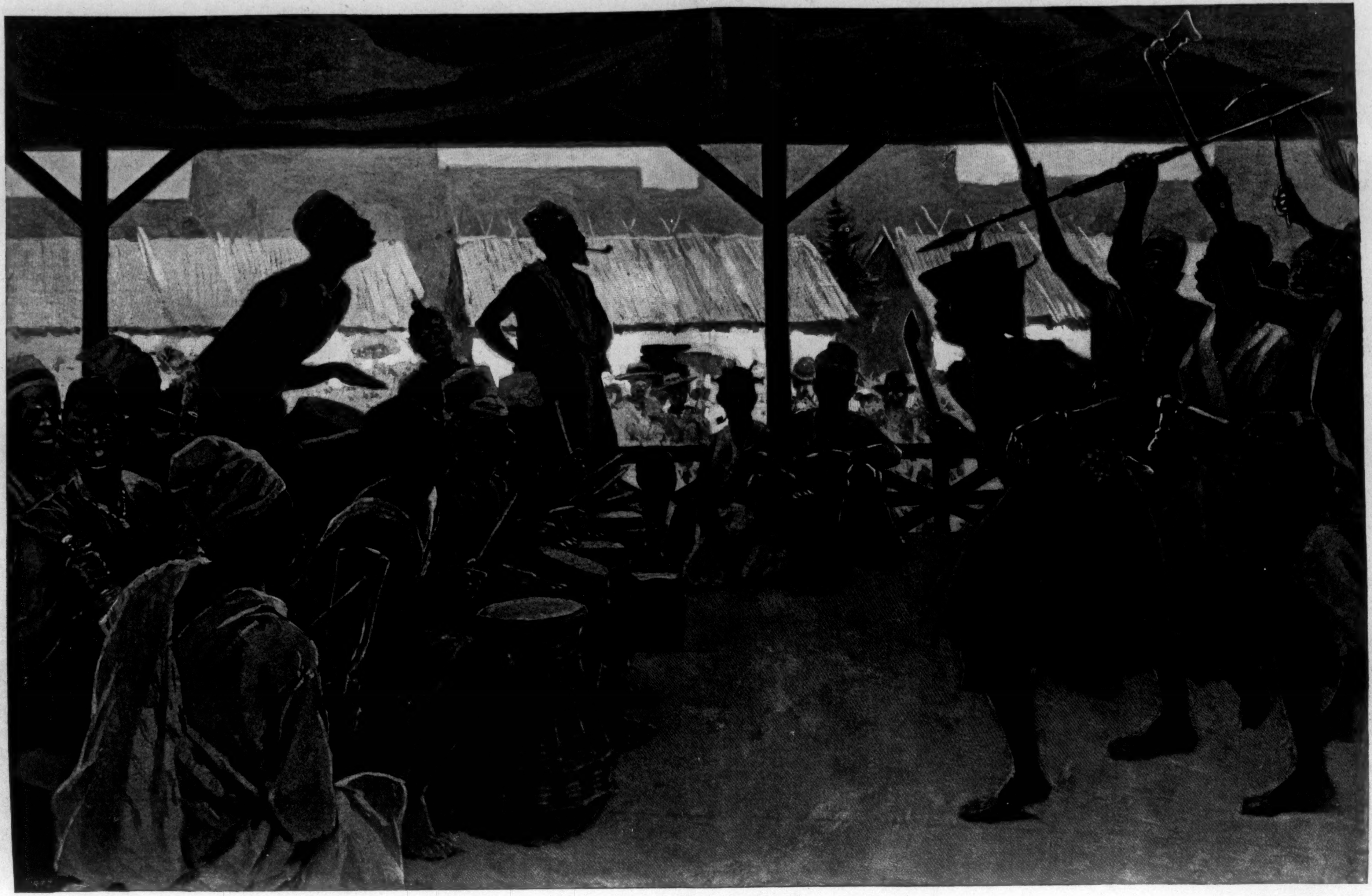
RUA DO OUVIDOR—THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

CAYAPÓ INDIAN CHIEF.

THE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.
Showing the Ilha das Cobras (Snake Island).

PRAÇA DOM PEDRO II.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL—VIEWS IN RIO DE JANEIRO.—[See Page 955.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE DANCE OF THE DAHOMANS IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.

CUP-DEFENDERS, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE story of the *America's* Cup, how it was won in 1851, and since defended, is an oft-told tale, and no attempt will be made here to go into details that are familiar to every American yachtsman. The tables below have been compiled with the idea of giving at a glance to those interested the history of the cup's defence, and should be valuable as a mere matter of record.

"AMERICA'S" CUP.

Come what may this cup must always remain our most treasured trophy, for all our magnificent development in yacht-designing is directly traceable to the contests to keep it on this side of the Atlantic. Eight times have we accepted challenges for this blue ribbon of the ocean—six from England and two from Canada, and seven times have we successfully defended it—the eighth remains to be decided next week.

The history of these races is the history of marine architecture, and the characteristic progress of the Yankee and the perseverance and sportsmanship of our British cousins are evidenced in every one of the struggles. With each challenge the interest has spread wider and wider, until to-day, it may be said, the eyes of the yachting world will follow the grand struggle between *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*, which begins on the 5th.

It was vastly different in 1850 when Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, then in its infancy, ordered the *America* from George Steers, the first and one of the most famous of American designers. The building of pleasure yachts at that time was a struggling industry, while racing was confined chiefly to the pilot-boats, which were justly renowned. There was, indeed, some desultory yacht-racing, and there had been even ten years earlier, but it was only beginning to be recognized as a sport when the *America* was put overboard.

George Steers deserves more than a passing notice: he was of a family of builders, and a designer as independent and original as Edwin Burgess and the Herreshoffs who came after him. He revolutionized yacht-designing in his day, and built many boats that became noted. Besides the *America*, he designed the sloop *Julia* (a cut of her in her original rig is produced in this issue), which in her day was as much of a marvel and as unbeatable as was *Gloriana* in her first season.

CUP PRESENTED TO THE "MAYFLOWER."

Each of these two famous boats has an interesting history. *America* was sold to an Englishman after her conquest in '51, and for a time did service as a yacht. She was turned into a blockade - runner when the Civil war broke out, but in this rôle she was not a success, and to escape capture was sunk in the St. Johns River, Florida. After the war she was raised by the government, and put into commission as a training-school for the naval cadets. When the *Cambria* came over to race for the cup, in '70, she was refitted as a yacht and competed, winning fourth place, while the English yacht got no better than tenth; thus did the old boat, handicapped as she was, show that after twenty years she was still faster than the latest and fastest British creation. Later she became the property of General Benjamin F. Butler, and is still in possession of his son Paul, who should, by all means, bring her down to New York during the International race next week.

"AMERICA'S" CUP RECORD.

This cup was offered for competition by the Royal Yacht Squadron at their regular regatta in 1851, and won by the schooner *America* over the Isle of Wight course against a fleet of fifteen. Having been presented by the owners of the *America* to the New York Yacht Club, to remain a perpetual international challenge trophy, it became known, and properly, as the *America's* Cup. It was not offered by the Queen at the '51 regatta, as many have supposed, and has consequently been wrongly called, from time to time in early writings, the Queen's Cup.

CHALLENGERS.

	Type.	L. W. L.	Beam.	Draught.	Owner.
1870, Cambria*	Keel Sch.	100.	20.5	12.4	James Ashbury.
1871, Livonia	Keel Sch.	115.	23.7	12.6	James Ashbury.
1876, C'nt's of Dufferin	Centreboard	107.	24.	6.6	C. Gifford.
1881, Atalanta	Sloop	64.	19.	5.6	Alex. Cuthbert.
1885, Genesta	Cutter	81.	15.	13.6	Sir R. Sutton.
1886, Galatea	Cutter	86.	15.	13.6	Lieut. Henn, R.N.
1887, Thistle	Cutter	86.46	20.4	13.6	James Bell.
1893, Valkyrie	Cutter	85.50	20.6	16.6	Lord Dunraven.

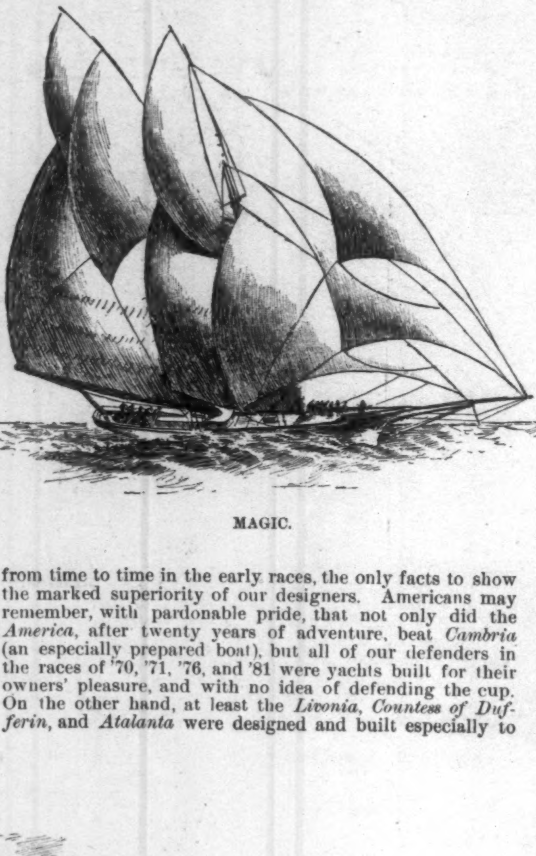
* Against fleet.

DEFENDERS.

	Type.	L. W.L.	Beam.	Draught.	Owner.
1870, Magic	Cntrbd Sch.	78.11	20.9	6.7	Franklin Osgood.
1871 Sappho	Keel Sch	119.4	27.4	12.8	W. P. Douglass.
1871 Columbia	Cntrbd Sch.	96.	25.1	6.	Franklin Osgood.
1876, Madeline	Cntrbd Sch.	95.2	24.	7.4	J. S. Dickerson.
1881, Mischief	Sloop	61.	19.10	5.4	J. R. Busk.
1885, Puritan	Sloop	85.1½	22.7	8.6	J. M. Forbes.
1886, Mayflower	Sloop	85.7	23.6	9.6	C. J. Paine.
1887, Volunteer	Sloop	85.88	23.2	10.	C. J. Paine.
1893, Vigilant	Sloop	86.12	26.	14.	N. Y. Syndicate.

Julia, after a very successful career as a sloop, was sold, and turned into a schooner. Later she became the property of Edward M. Brown, Esq., then Rear-Commodore, and always one of the most prominent members of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Brown restored the *Julia's* old rig as nearly as possible, and raced her a bit, but her day had gone by, and she became a memory of our first yachting triumphs.

Nor were the winnings of these two wonderful boats, and the success of those chosen to defend the *America's* Cup



MAGIC.

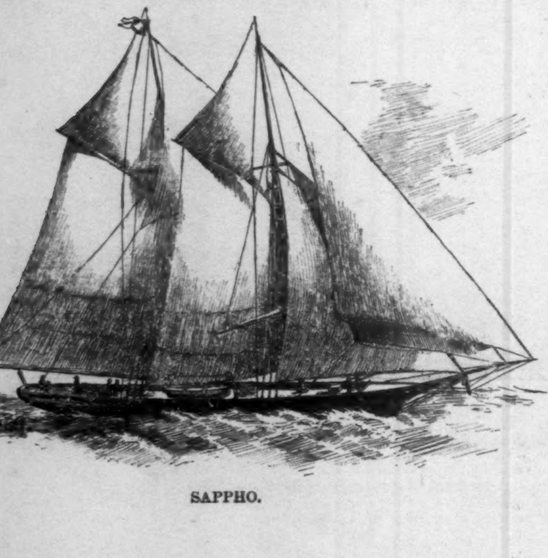
from time to time in the early races, the only facts to show the marked superiority of our designers. Americans may remember, with pardonable pride, that not only did the *America*, after twenty years of adventure, beat *Cambria* (an especially prepared boat), but all of our defenders in the races of '70, '71, '76, and '81 were yachts built for their owners' pleasure, and with no idea of defending the cup. On the other hand, at least the *Livonia*, *Countess of Dufferin*, and *Atalanta* were designed and built especially to sail for the *America's* Cup, and each represented the latest and best skill of English and Canadian designers.

We held trial races to choose a defender for the first time in '81, and *Gracie*, *Mischief*, and *Hildegarde* were the contestants. Between '81 and '85 the standard of both American and English racing-yachts was advanced greatly by the designing of Edwin Burgess and Beavor Webb. The former began the career that gave us three defenders which made a radical change in designing on this side, and Mr. Webb showed lines far in advance of previous British designing in the *Genesta* and *Galatea*. Especially was the awakening noticeable in England, whence *Muriel*, *Orira*, *Bedouin*, *Ileen*, and the clever little Scotch cutter *Madge*, followed one another in rapid succession.

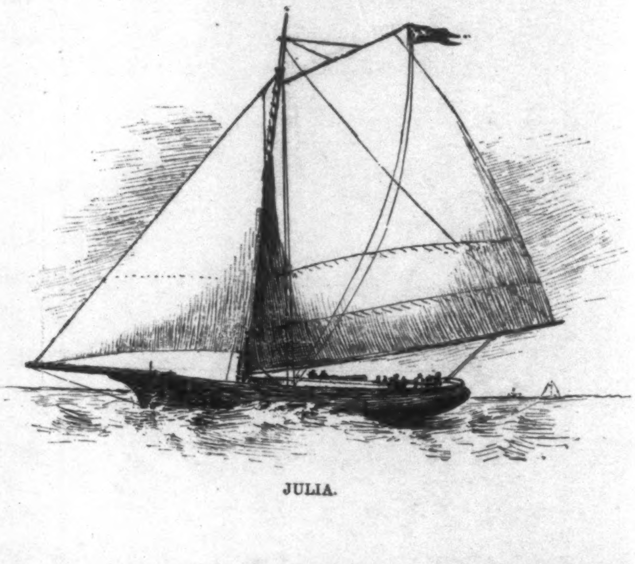
CUP PRESENTED TO THE "PURITAN."

With this evidence of activity in mind, we built two—*Puritan* and *Priscilla*—boats especially to defend the cup when Sir Richard Sutton challenged with the *Genesta* in '85. In '86 we built two more, *Mayflower* and *Atlantic*, and the former was so much better than *Puritan* as to be considered good enough, and in '87 *Volunteer* showed in her turn such an increase of speed over *Mayflower* that we believed the cup safe in her defence. Each one of these successful defenders was presented by the New York Yacht Club with a cup from the Whiting Company's designs. Since the days of the *Volunteer*, American yacht - designing has undergone another revolution, brought about by the *Gloriana* in '91, and, compared with the new class, the defenders of the eighties seem as ancient in their lines as at that time those of the seventies must have appeared. This year to defend the *America's* Cup we have built four boats, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, *Colonia*, *Pilgrim*, at a gross outlay of over three hundred thousand dollars. England has sent over a boat in the *Valkyrie* infinitely superior to any ever built abroad, and one that shows they have learned well the lessons of their seven

CUP PRESENTED TO THE "VOLUNTEER."



SAPPHO.



JULIA.

defeats. A study of the comparative lines of the *Genesta* and *Puritan*, and *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*, produced in this issue, tell, without further comment, the progress of British and American designers in the evolution of the racer.

In '71 five races were sailed, *Livonia* winning one. From '76 the series has been best two out of three races, and the challenger has not secured a heat. This year the series is best three out of five. The precise dates, times, and courses are as follows:

Date.	Name.	Course.	Time H.	M.	S.
Aug. 22, 1851..	America	From Cowes around Isle of Wight—Aurora second	10	37	00
	Aurora		—	—	—
Aug. 8, 1870..	Magic	New York Yacht Club Course—Cambria tenth	3	58	21
	Cambria		4	37	38
Oct. 16, 1871..	Columbia	New York Yacht Club Course	6	19	41
	Livonia		6	46	45
Oct. 18, 1871..	Columbia	20 miles to windward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	3	07	41
	Livonia		3	18	15
Oct. 19, 1871..	Livonia	New York Yacht Club Course—Columbia disabled	4	02	25
	Columbia		4	17	35
Oct. 21, 1871..	Sappho	20 miles to windward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	5	39	02
	Livonia		6	09	23
Oct. 23, 1871..	Sappho	New York Yacht Club Course	4	16	17
	Livonia		5	11	55
Aug. 11, 1876..	Madeline	New York Yacht Club Course	5	23	54
	Countess of Dufferin		5	34	53
Aug. 12, 1876..	Madeline	20 miles to windward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	7	18	46
	Countess of Dufferin		7	46	00
Nov. 9, 1881..	Mischief	New York Yacht Club Course	4	17	00
	Atalanta		4	45	39
Nov. 10, 1881..	Mischief	16 miles to leeward from buoy 5, off Sandy Hook and return	4	54	53
	Atalanta		5	33	47
Sept. 14, 1885..	Puritan	New York Yacht Club Course	6	06	05
	Genesta		6	22	24
Sept. 16, 1885..	Puritan	20 miles to leeward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	5	03	14
	Genesta		5	04	52
Sept. 9, 1886..	Mayflower	New York Yacht Club Course	5	26	41
	Galatea		5	38	43
Sept. 11, 1886..	Mayflower	20 miles to leeward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	6	49	10
	Galatea		7	18	09
Sept. 27, 1887..	Volunteer	New York Yacht Club Course	4	53	18
	Thistle		5	12	41
Sept. 30, 1887..	Volunteer	20 miles off Scotland Light-ship and return	5	42	56
	Thistle		5	54	45

BARNUMIZING THE FAIR.

THE question that has of late been agitating the gentlemen managers of the World's Columbian Exposition—"Board of Directors," to be exact in the designation—is, how shall they make the fair attractive? The question is a stupendous one indeed. Here these men have gone to work, taken off their coats—their dress-coats, mayhap—it matters not at what hour of the morning, and worked to produce the greatest exposition that has ever been exposed, and have produced it.

There it is in Jackson Park, Chicago, Illinois, in all its perfection of magnificence. Think of having worked years to achieve a result like that in your shirt sleeves, and often in freezing weather, and after having achieved it, to be confronted with the question, "How shall we make all this attractive?"

It is a question to make the stoutest heart or the tamest June pigeon quail. It is no difficult task to make a plain thing attractive. That is within the power of every one. Take woman, for example. The veriest tyro of a reporter by a few strokes of his pen can turn the humblest scrub-lady into a beautiful belle or a leader of Cohosh society in an ordinary two-stick account of an elopement, a cake-walk, or a ball. And he usually does.

Take any other ugly thing that we have and wish to make appear beautiful. What do we do? Sew buttons on it, tie ribbons to it, stick flags in it, paint it red. And people will go into raptures over it and give prizes for it.

But it was no such simple problem as this which presented itself to the Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition.

They had given the work of designing the fair into the hands of the ablest men in their respective departments that the country has produced, and the result was beyond the most sanguine expectations. The press, the people who visited it, pronounced it perfect, and yet the attendance was not as great as the directors needed it to be in order to strike a balance between the receipts and the expenditures. A deficit loomed in view, and a deficit is not a pleasant object for a Board of Directors to contemplate. "What is to be done?" was the question that naturally arose. "Get more people here!" was the answer that spontaneously burst forth. "How?" demanded the Board of itself. "We must make the fair attractive," it made reply. And forthwith they proceeded to do it. It mattered naught to them that times were hard, money tight, banks breaking, people timorous, the men who could afford to go afraid to leave their business; more people must be attracted, and so the fair must be made more attractive.

The deduction was as obvious as the remedy proved to be simple—to the Board of Directors. Other people might have faltered, perhaps given up the fight. Not they!

The Midway Plaisance is a straight wide street of moderate length. It is lined on either side with many much-advertised theatres, dance-houses, cafés, and similar means of recreation and entertainment. Every one who goes to the fair goes also to the Plaisance; and when he gets there, finding that an admission fee is charged to almost every building, he largely contents himself with walking up and down the roadway, and making up his mind which he will investigate to-morrow. Consequently, the "Midway" has the appearance of being the most popular and largely patronized portion of the entire exposition.

"Granting these facts," said the Board of Directors, "that the *danse du ventre*, the Chinese dragon, the Ferris wheel, draw the people who visit the fair to the Midway Plaisance, scatter similar attractions through the grounds—have a torture-dance on a raft in the lagoon of the Court of Honor—and you will draw more people to the fair."

Such logic is irrefutable. No sooner said than done. Illinois day, any day, every day, became a sufficient excuse for processions galore, canoe-races on the lake front, swimming matches in the lagoons, and even Poets' day was not safe from a night incursion of Thespians in an *al fresco* performance of *As You Like It* in Sylvan Dell, which nestles fondly among the empty lobster-cans in the rearward vicinity of the Marine Café.

Note the immediate and startling result of all these side-show innovations. President Cleveland, seeing the time has come for action, summons an extra session of Congress. His stirring message is succeeded by the prompt and reassuring action of the Lower House. Confidence is restored in business circles. Cool weather subvenes; people realize that the time is drawing near when the fair must close, and that they must see it now if ever.

And so the railroad trains once more are crowded with visitors hastening to Chicago, and the attendance goes up, up, up, nearer and nearer the half-million mark; and all on account of the Herculean but successful efforts of the Board of Directors to make the fair attractive.

DON'T LEAVE PORT,

Don't go on a long land journey, don't start as emigrant for the far West, if unprovided with that defender of health and conqueror of sickness, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will defend you from sea-sickness, nullify fatigue and ill-health caused by travel and change of diet, and counteract malaria. Peerless is it for dyspepsia, rheumatism, liver complaint, nervousness, and debility.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CRYING BABIES.

SOME people do not love them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to manhood and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW BONNET? No, I have had such a bad headache of late, and been so bilious that I could not go out—remedy, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.—[*Adv.*]

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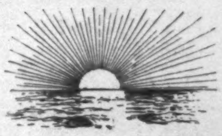

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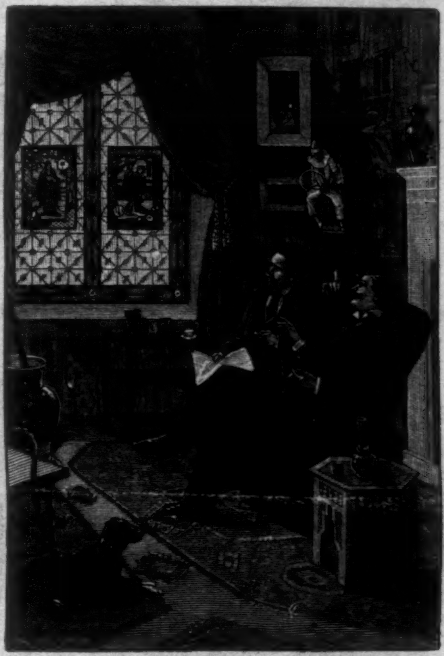

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A NOTABLE EXHIBIT.

One of the most striking features of the Fair is the great advance made by American exhibitors in the use of art and artistic advertising for commercial purposes.

There are many tasteful and pretty American booths in the different buildings. One of the most artistic, and at the same time distinctively American, is the exhibit of The American Cereal Company in the gallery of the Agricultural Building, a photo-engraving of which we present to our readers.

The pavilion, which is constructed of oak and plate glass, is quadrilateral in form, with four turreted corner towers shingled with red corn, which contrasts pleasantly with the yellow corn partially covering the main roof of the booth. In each tower is a large decorative vase of terra cotta surmounted by a statue of Ceres. A broad frieze of colored glass decorated with original cereal designs runs round the upper part of the entire booth. On one side is a moving panorama of eleven pictures, with beautiful landscapes, the work of the well-known New York artists, H. Bolton Jones and Francis C. Jones, showing the contrast between the old and new ways of agriculture, and following the course of the grain from the time it enters the ground until the manufactured product leaves the mills of The American Cereal Company. Lithographs of these pictures in twelve colors will be given to visitors, making a charming souvenir of the fair.

On one corner is a new and original brass windmill, which, owing to its peculiar and ingenious mechanism, attracts the attention of all observers.

Every part of the Exhibit to its smallest details was made from special designs by American artists, and American material used throughout.

The whole effect of the booth, the light and graceful architecture, the windmill, the pictures, the statues, and cereal decorations are in the highest degree pleasing, harmonious, and artistic. The architect was E. A. Sargent of New York.

The mills of The American Cereal Company are at Akron, O., Chicago, Ill., and Cedar Rapids, Ia. The Company are the largest manufacturers of Cereal Foods in the world, producing nearly everything that can be made from grain. Some idea of the magnitude of their business can be gained from the fact that on two different occasions they have sent out an entire train-load of fourteen cars to the Pacific coast loaded with Quaker Oats alone.

Their products, packed under two principal proprietary brands, the Quaker and F. S. (or F. Schumacher), include most of the standard American Cereal Foods, such as Quaker Oats, Quaker Buckwheat Flour, and Schumacher's (Trade-mark F. S.) Rolled Avena, Rolled Wheat, Oatmeal, Pearl Barley, Corn Meal, and many others.

An attractive little cook book with an artistic cover, which includes directions for cooking all the products of the Company, is presented to all visitors. The Company are making an especial display of Quaker Oats and Self-raising Quaker Buckwheat Flour, and obliging attendants neatly dressed in Quaker costume serve these foods free to all who come. Few realize until they have tasted it properly cooked how delicious a dish of Quaker Oats and cream is.

Quaker Oats is now universally used as a breakfast food all over the United States. It has the largest sale of any cereal food in the world. It is simply the best white oats thoroughly purified and prepared—in fact a perfect oatmeal.

The whole exhibit is thoroughly artistic, and at the same time commercially effective, and undoubtedly places American commercial art advertising in the front rank of the world.

THE "VALKYRIE" IN THE HURRICANE, SEPTEMBER 11TH.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

AMATEVR - SPORT

AFTER LOOKING OVER THE BRITISH CUTTER, American sportsmen are ready to acknowledge that All England is well represented by *Valkyrie*, owner Dunraven, designer Watson, and Captain Cranfield. While it is not true, as asserted in one of the daily papers, that *Valkyrie* is the first really representative yacht sent after the *America's* Cup, it is a fact that she is far and away the fastest one that ever came over here, and brings the best record. If one can depend at all on comparative performances, the international race beginning on the 5th should be the closest of any one of the eight contests. It cannot be denied that British and American yacht-designing has been drawing closer and closer together during the last races for the *America's* Cup, and especially so since the *Thistle* came over for a try at the trophy six years ago. That the British designers have profited by their repeated defeats has been plainly shown in the lines of the successive challengers.

THE WONDERFULLY GOOD RECORD *Valkyrie* established before leaving England is peculiarly pleasing to Americans, since it means we shall at length have a challenger which comes to us the undoubted champion of her country, as well as the admittedly most skilful creation of her designer.

Her first two races were rather disappointing, but they really amounted to nothing, since the course was under shelter of the land, with an untrue wind and an unfavorable tide. When the racing season actually began, however, and *Valkyrie* had got in condition, she began to show the form which she ever afterwards maintained. Lord Dunraven's boat is no inconsistent performer, and may be counted on to sail her very best race every time she is called upon. The *Valkyrie* and her sister yacht *Britannia* bear a strong resemblance one to the other, so strong, indeed, that, seen apart, the one can only be detected from the other by its owner's private signal. Seen together, however, the *Britannia* appears the more bulky of the two, while the *Valkyrie* has the sleek, rakish look of a thoroughbred. That the Dunraven yacht is the faster in all-round moderate weather her performances on the other side demonstrated, as they did also that she was the equal of the Prince of Wales's yacht in almost any kind of weather, going to windward or running dead to leeward. *Britannia*, on the other hand, showed superiority on a square course in a jib-topsail breeze, her full-rounded and shallower body telling on a reach against *Valkyrie's* deeper draught. In other words, the racing of *Valkyrie* on the other side proved that in ordinary weather she is some points better than the *Britannia*, but not so good under conditions that call for plenty of reaching.

THE YACHTS *Iverna* and *Navahoe* have been the only two possible lines through which to attain a suggestion of the English boat's speed in comparison with our cup-defenders; but the deductions have been so fanciful that they have really been worse than useless. There has been nothing tangible, and consequently no basis from which to work. The *Iverna*, it will be remembered, is the boat that last year raced with the *Thistle* in English waters, and ended the season with honors about evenly divided. It has been attempted to draw comparisons through her performances against *Thistle* and *Valkyrie* this year. In the several races in which the *Valkyrie* and *Iverna* met, the former invariably won by from twenty minutes to half an hour. Now, the *Volunteer* was ten minutes faster than the *Thistle* in their races of '87; but she was improved somewhat, and, according to those who follow this line of reasoning, would be, say, fifteen minutes faster than *Iverna*; therefore, that makes out the *Valkyrie* about ten minutes better than the *Volunteer*; and the question remains, in order to bring this line up to date, how much faster is *Vigilant* than *Volunteer?*

THE OTHER LINE THROUGH THE *Navahoe* is even more vague, for of Mr. Carroll's boat's speed in comparison with the other 85-footers we know literally nothing. Moreover, she has shown herself to be so inconsistent a performer that it would be impossible to depend on what she might furnish. From the time of her launching almost up to the day she sailed for the other side she was being tinkered with, and had no sail with any one of our yachts save the schooner *Iroquois*, which she is said to have left a mile astern in a beat from Bristol to Brenton Reef Light-ship. As the *Iroquois* proceeded at once on a cruise, and has never turned up since any of the other 85-footers were put overboard, it is impossible to say how far astern she would have been left by *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, or *Jubilee*. It is impossible to get any line on the cup-defenders from what *Navahoe* has done against *Britannia*. We may only judge of their relative speed by the progression of her designers as shown in the other two they built. If *Navahoe* is only as much inferior to *Colonia* as the latter is to *Vigilant*, then we get a line through the *Britannia* on the *Valkyrie* that would make her about the equal of the cup-defender *Vigilant*. But there is every good reason for believing that *Navahoe* is very much inferior to the *Colonia*; she was the first effort of the Herreshoffs in her class, and as skilful as they are, it may be taken for granted that their second attempt, in the *Colonia*, would be a great improvement.

It is very pleasing and certainly harmless amusement to build beautiful air castles on these easily drawn lines, but as a matter of fact there are no lines on which it is possible for us to make an accurate comparison of the *Vigilant's* and the *Valkyrie's* speed.

THERE IS ONLY ONE LINE the writer has been able to discover, and that is in the comparison of the designers of the two yachts in question. George L. Watson, the *Valkyrie's* designer, has honestly earned the reputation he enjoys of being one of the most skilful in the world; but his contributions to the racing class of England have not made the startling success of those the Herreshoffs have turned out. What is more to the point, however—so far as touching this particular question of speed between *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*—Watson's racing-boats have not shown the improvement one over the other that have Herreshoffs'. The Herreshoffs have been builders *par excellence* of the racing craft pure and simple, and each successive type has developed greater speed than the preceding one.

For instance, to go back only a couple of years. When *Gloriana*, the 46-footer made her appearance, she beat every boat of her class so easily that she really out-classed them; the next season the *Wasp*, also from the Herreshoffs, and likewise a 46-footer, beat the *Gloriana* quite as much as she had defeated the others of her class. This year the *Wasp* met the Herreshoff 85-footers on several occasions, and was quite as unable to save her time allowance as though she were a back number. No other designer has created such racers, and it is for that reason, if for no other, that we feel pretty well assured of the success of the *Vigilant*. But after all is said and done, it is the merest speculation, and we only indulge in the luxury because the restless reader wants something to talk about. Personally the writer has faith in the *Vigilant*, in any kind of weather in which she has raced thus far—in pointing, reaching, and running.

THE QUESTION OF THE "VALKYRIE" WINNING three out of the five races we do not consider at all. It is possible she may win one of the five, but it seems as if it could only be done in such a blow and choppy sea as we did not have in any of the trial races. If *Valkyrie* has a chance it certainly will be in the nastiest of seas and heavy weather, where her cutter lines should stand her in good stead. Other than in some such weather as this we don't see how Lord Dunraven's boat can win a single heat from *Vigilant*. Certainly in windward work and running the defender is unbeatable, and she has given a better account of herself than has the challenger in reaching. *Vigilant* has proved to be fast in light, moderate, and fairly heavy weather, to say nothing of her drifting qualities. She is a worthy defender, worthily handled, and should *Valkyrie* beat her, Mr. Watson must be credited with turning out the wonder of the yachting age, for never have we had a racer that showed so well on every point of sailing.

ALTHOUGH THE "VALKYRIE'S" SKIPPER has had a "pull," to borrow race-track parlance, on his boat in the couple of trial spins she has had before this issue goes to press, he has not been able to entirely disguise her speed. That she is a fast boat those who saw her last Friday in a stiffish sort of breeze and a choppy sea all acknowledge. Her reaching was good enough to set us wondering if *Vigilant* can really beat her on this point, and she went through the water with just a bit of a bone in her teeth, and showed a pair of heels quite as clean as any one of our cup-defenders. *Valkyrie* appeared to make very little fuss, and her appearance at her work was ease personified.

She showed better than the best opinion we had formed of her in advance, and stood up stiffer than has *Vigilant* in a breeze of like strength. The little work on the wind she displayed was just about up to what we had expected, and, compared with *Vigilant* in this particular, she seemed to

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(WITH CHAPTER ON TEAM-PLAY.)—BY WALTER CAMP.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

move sluggishly. There was no opportunity to judge her on a run, but all precedents will fail if she should be able to hold her own with the Tobin-bronzed bottom defender, which can hoist up her centreboard and fly before the wind like a tracked deer. Despite some statements to the contrary, *Valkyrie's* canvas certainly set well on last Friday; her head-sails are indeed perfect in their fit, and only the hypercritical could have discovered anything out of the way with her mainsail. Probably it did not look so absolutely smooth as *Vigilant's*, but one does not see such a mainsail as Messrs. Iselin & Morgan have got on their boat more than once in a yachting lifetime.

IT HAS BEEN ASSERTED in some directions that it would be for the good of international yacht-racing if the *America's* Cup went back to England, whence we fetched it forty-two years ago.

We fail to see what ground there is for such belief.

The statement that another defeat may discourage Englishmen and lead to a cessation of international racing for an indefinite period is not warranted by either the history of the *America's* Cup or by the English character.

The English sportsman never knows when he is whipped, and if he is unsuccessful this year he will build again and again, until he does take back the blue ribbon of the ocean, as the cup may be called. There has been greater interest, keener rivalry, and larger expenditure with every contest for the cup, and it will continue to grow, no matter whether the trophy is in the keeping of the Royal Yacht Squadron or the New York Yacht Club. The contests for this cup have been the means of giving us the greatest fleet of yachts in the world. In the last six years the same cause has almost completely revolutionized English yacht-designing. They have not yet forsworn the cutter, to be sure, but they have grown to an appreciation of a little more beam, and used it to good advantage in their latest and best boat. Quite the reverse of expecting defeat to bring about stagnation in international yachting, we expect to see the example of Mr. Royal Carroll followed, and American yachts in British waters during their racing season, and in a few years English private signals flying in some of the races of our own season. And may the best boat win.

WE HAVE GONE TO SOME PAINS in this issue in gathering statistics of the earlier races for the *America's* Cup, showing not only the winners, but giving their water-line length, beam, and draught, that a fair comparison may be drawn. A complete history of the racing yacht's evolution may be had by a study of these figures and the two pages of illustrations. From the *America* (whose original rig we were unable to obtain, and, indeed, we believe there is no existing drawing of her as she was in '51) to the *Vigilant*, and especially in the lines of the *Puritan* and *Genesta* and *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*, as seen in the dry-dock, there is revealed a panorama of the world's progress in yacht-designing.

In commenting on the performance of *Jubilee* in the last trial race for the selection of a cup-defender, the handicap and actual elapsed times were confused, and the *Jubilee* given credit of having been beaten only a little over a minute by *Vigilant*, when she was actually beaten over eight. The same confusion resulted in comparing the time of *Colonia* and *Jubilee* in that race.

NEVER DID THE FOOTBALL SEASON OPEN with such a preponderance of heavy weights as among the candidates who have offered themselves to Captain Hinkey at the Yale Field this week. An average well-built fellow of 170 pounds looks like a child among them. There is the old centre trio of last year, Stillman, McCrea, and Hickok, with an aggregate weight of 625 pounds; and as if that were not enough, Captain Hinkey finds among his new candidates Cross the shot-putter, Cross the oarsman, and Beard—three men who can very nearly balance the regulars in weight, strength, and size. It is certainly not in the line that the weakness of the Yale team may be pointed out at present. If there be a weakness it is most probable behind these formidable forwards. The positions of quarter and the two half-backs are open, and one can as yet tell but little how these places will be filled. Adee, the son of George Adee, is counted upon for quarter, but a sprained ankle keeps him off the field for the time being. He is a good man, was change quarter last season, and, best of all, possesses a cool head. His chief rival thus far is Lilly, the other change quarter of '92. Lilly is heavier and stronger, but has not had so much experience. Morris is the only new man that has thus far turned up to dispute the place with these two.

FOR THE POSITIONS LEFT VACANT by the Bliss boys, candidates are light in weight. Eaton the hurdler, Dyer, substitute last season, Richards, the son of Professor Richards, and a substitute full-back of '92, are all fast men and clever, the last-named a beautiful kicker; but all three are light, Dyer being the heaviest. Unfortunately for Dyer's prospects, his shoulder, which was once thrown out of joint in baseball, has lately been weak and troublesome. Thorne and Hall are not up to the weight either, although the former is a promising man, and played a very fair game last year. It is evident that Captain Hinkey feels the need of greater strength, both in numbers and weight, among his half-back candidates, for he has been trying some of his line men, notably Lyman, a change centre of last season, and Brown, who was looked upon as a more promising tackle or guard. Armstrong has also had a go at it, and with rather better results. Naturally it is too early to criticise the form of the men very much, but one may hazard conjectures as to the general make-up of the team. In the centre, Stillman, although a veteran, has plenty of work cut out for him. There are several men eagerly striving for just that position, and it will be a good man who finally fills it. McCrea, too, will have to reduce his waist measure considerably in keeping trespassers away from the guard's place. Hickok, of the three, seems in the best condition and the most active.

OF ALL THE NEW MEN appearing thus far, Messler stands as fair a chance as any to live through the weeks of hard work and eventually come out in November as one of the tackles. For two seasons he has been trying for the place, was successful on the crew last summer, and has the necessary weight and strength. He is slow at times, and it is only by constant practice that he has overcome the tendency to stand stock-still and let the play go by him. But Wallis was slow too in his earlier days; in fact, it was not until his third year that he really acquired the dash and interference which afterwards made him so valuable. Armstrong is the next choice to Messler at present, but he is so light that some of the heavier but less skilful men may replace him. He rowed on his Freshman crew, and is a stout, plucky fellow. It seemed curious he did not become a candidate for some of the places behind the line where pounds were not so necessary, and it appears he is now having a try at half. For the position of tackle he is likely to have as rivals Lyman or Brown, or possibly Cockran; and the first two have the better of him in weight, though the latter is not much heavier.

BEFORE COCKRAN WAS INJURED LAST YEAR he was playing end, and he may stick to that position on the chance of displacing Greenway. He was rather the choice when he met with his accident last autumn. He will be a strong favorite for some vacant place in the line if he returns in anything like good condition, for he has both sand and sense. Greenway at present has call. Hinkey will naturally fill his old position upon the other end, and thus complete a heavy strong line. Adee is the most likely quarter, and he with two at present unplaced but certainly light men at the halves, and Butterworth at full, make up the team.

Such a team will be massive in front, but if one may be permitted the simile, a little like a kite with too short a tail. It will be hard to make go. If, however, a couple of good halves, or even one good medium-weight half of experience, could be found, the balance would be better. Experience would answer almost as well as weight, and for the Yale style of game probably even more so. But with neither weight nor experience, too much is left to a set of forwards that, although strong, can never be very active, even under the most favorable conditions.

HARVARD, WITH GRAY, BREWER, AND WATERS, or Garfield, has very nearly what she wants, and what Yale lacks in good balance behind the line. Waters may go back to the forward line again, but that will not alter the conditions greatly, because Garfield is experienced, and could fill the place. But in the line! There, indeed, Harvard has something to worry over. Lewis is good, but light. With two first-class guards he might hold the place, although he ought to have at least ten pounds more weight for the modern style of play. Last year, at Springfield, Yale's less experienced but heavier centre proved how necessary is weight in that most important part of the line. Harvard coaches are reflecting upon this fact. Then, too, a new end tackle must be made or discovered, and—with Waters at half—a new guard. It will certainly take until well into November for Harvard to get a line that can face the present Yale combination. But the compensation lies behind the line, where the superiority of the Harvard material is marked.

AT PRINCETON THE CONDITION is more after the Yale order, the line better than the backs. Moreover, it looks as if the Princeton coaches had seen the error of a light centre, and mean to weight up there by placing Balliet at tackle. There is good judgment behind such a move, just as there was reason in the position of the minority of the Harvard coaches last year, who would have placed Lewis at tackle. Had Yale played Lyman at centre in Stillman's place last year, because he was the more clever of the two, they would have made the same blunder. But to return to Princeton. With Wheeler, Hall, Lea, Balliet, Trenchard, McCauley, or Vincent, and a heavy man like Symmes in the centre, the line will be good. Riggs and Crowdyis can also be added. Back of the line King is the sole survivor, and he must make the rest out of only half-tried men like Irvine, Allen, Rosengarten, Bartels, and Barnett, and with the best coaching in the country it will be hard to hurry these men up into equal shape with the rugged line of forwards.

PENNSYLVANIA'S TEAM IS THE BEST BALANCED of the four, although not necessarily the strongest team, for the first week in October. Knipe is reliable, strong, and enduring, though a poor man for training. Osgood, if he plays with Pennsylvania, is one of the best men behind any line to-day. Thomas and Gilbert are both promising candidates, and there are old players enough in the team to teach the new ones and steady them, when one considers the material. Mackey, Oliver, Thornton, Reese, and the two Wagenhursts will make a stiff backbone to build upon, at any rate. Woodruff has a good football head, is almost a crank upon the subject, perhaps, and he knows how to choose for his team such plays as they are best fitted to make a success.

IN ACCEPTING THE PUBLIC STATEMENT of the chairman of the L.A.W. Racing Board that he would not suspend hereafter on circumstantial evidence (as he is empowered to do by the L.A.W.), but would refuse to act in his official capacity except on direct evidence, we failed to state that the chairman is a late convert, and that he had until recently been willing to expel on circumstantial evidence. It seems that the two original obstructionists to cleansing bicycle-racing of the manufacturers' hirelings have been Messrs. Lewis A. Miller, of Meriden, Connecticut, to whom

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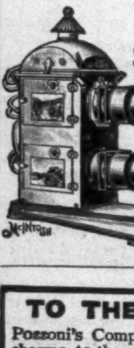

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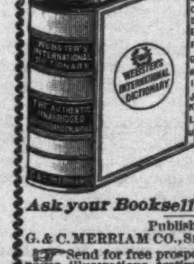

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this department paid its respects last week, and J. M. Erwin, of Chicago, Illinois, whose light appears to have been hidden from us. These two men have blocked the efforts of Chairman Raymond and the Racing Board in expelling racers on circumstantial evidence. It is necessary that the vote for expulsion be unanimous, and as Messrs. Miller and Erwin have always supported the racers, it has been impossible to live up to the power given by the L. A. W. But while this is certainly most discouraging, it is no reason why the Chairman should stop doing his duty in disgust, and strengthen the position of Miller and Erwin by becoming a convert to their ideas. It is for this we criticise the Chairman. Every recruit to the obstructionists makes the reform harder, and surely, when the Chairman leads the way, how shall we expect the other members of the Board to go on plodding along the proper course.

THE INCUMBENCY OF MILLER AND ERWIN will not last forever; their term of office is not for life, I take it, hence there will come a time when their places can be filled by men who are in sympathy with honest, clean sport. If the chairman gives up the fight now, we fear there is little hope of reclaiming the two seats; if, however, he persists in his duty, he at least will escape going on record as a renegade.

Members of this Racing Board are appointed by the President of the League, and can only be removed by him prior to the expiration of their term of office, and as each member is appointed as the result of suggestion from the politically strong adherents of the administration — usually with the approval of the chairman—in his section, it is practically impossible to make a change during the year.

A LETTER RECEIVED BY THE WRITER, apropos of his criticisms on Class B, shows the unfortunate condition of affairs so clearly we publish it herewith:

"Mr. Raymond endorses the Class B idea, as do I, as a means to an end. The trouble with you, Mr. Whitney, if you will pardon my frankness, is that you are an athlete, college bred, and *not* a wheelman; you may ride a bicycle, perhaps—that I do not know—but you certainly have not attended any of the big meets and mixed in with the rank and file of the wheelmen, talked to them, and gotten their ideas; this much is surely so from the way you write. The League is some forty thousand strong, and probably comprises *one-tenth* of the riders in the country (not over that); of these, ninety-nine in every hundred would prefer to see the fast men race under the present rotten auspices than either not to see them, and have slower amateurs in their stead, or to see them as professionals. Cycling is peculiar in that it is the only sport in which athletes *can* be subsidized by manufacturing interests, and it is because the rank and file know that these men—else they at once lose their value to their employers—must ride *to win*, that, as one prominent wheelman remarked to me only to-day, they are in favor of 'legalized rotten amateurism'—in other words, a Class B. So far as I can learn now it is a question between Class A (amateurs) and Class B (promateurs)—with whom the element of distrust of professionals, the divisible cash prize, is missing—and a lenient amateur rule which would make a man a professional *only when he raced for a cash prize!* This latter would lead to the same end, as collegians and A.A.U. men would then, of course, flock by themselves."

If it be so that the majority of the 40,000 members of the League of American Wheelmen prefer "legalized rotten amateurism" to clean honest sport, then indeed is the solicitude of American sportsmen misdirected. A silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear, we acknowledge; and if these are the sentiments of the men elected to guard the purity of bicycle-racing, then we may as well give over attempting to reclaim the masquerading cyclers.

AND THE WRITER WANTS EVERY READER of this department to thoroughly understand the point on which all his criticism turns, viz., on the *honesty* of the situation. It is not the professional rider as an individual that the writer criticises; not the mere fact of the bicycler being a professional that is abhorrent, for there are professionals in every line of sport whose integrity is well known, and whose sportsmanship is unquestioned. But it is the fact that the bicycle-racer, while being a professional, poses, and is passed off on the country by the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen as an amateur. It is the dishonesty of the whole business, and the demoralizing influence it must have on the sport throughout the land, that draw our criticism.

And as to Class B, it is an acknowledgment, corroborated by the letter published above, that this dishonesty does exist, and that not being able to stamp it out, the Racing Board concludes the easiest way around the difficulty is to give it the countersign of honesty.

So far as Class B being "a means to an end," we ask, what is the end? There is only one end for Class B members, and that is professionalism.

And, after all, the most painful conviction which this unhappy state of affairs puts upon us is that there are such men in sport. Is it any wonder we guard college zealously?

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED the polo season will end without the match between a picked New York and Boston team, for which Mr. Eugene Higgins had offered a $500 cup. It seems too bad Mr. Higgins's sportsmanship should not have been more appreciated. The New York team was ready and anxious, but Boston failed to respond.

PHILADELPHIA CRICKETERS TOOK EXCEPTION to the criticisms of this department on their play against Lord Hawke's eleven two years ago, but their form last Friday and Saturday against the Australians, a very much stronger team, shows our comment and good opinion of their capabilities (properly directed) to have been correct. To have made a score of 525 against such good men as the Australians proves that, at our best, we are too good to be beaten by the second-class teams, as has been the case in times past.

At the close of the second day's play four Australian wickets were down for 125 runs, George Giffen and Graham being at the bat, the former with 62 to his credit. As the game stood then the probabilities were all in favor of the local cricketers pulling off the match by a handsome margin; but whatever may be the final outcome, we extend our congratulations to the Philadelphians for their excellent all-round play on the first two days of the match. For the batting in particular we have nothing but commendation, F. H. Bohlen being the hero of the occasion, and distinguishing himself by a capital inning of 118 (the first century, if we mistake not, compiled in this country against a first-class foreign eleven, and a performance of which the brilliant batsman has every reason to feel proud). W. W. Noble, 77; H. I. Brown, "not out," 59; Patterson, 56; F. W. Ralston, 47; A. M. Wood, 40; and J. B. King, 36, also played in capital form. Indeed, the only point which calls for adverse criticism in the innings of the Philadelphians is the running between the wickets. Three good wickets were sacrificed through bad judgment. This is an old failing of the Philadelphians, and one to which they would do well to give some attention in future.

TO FORM A CORRECT ESTIMATE of the relative merits of the rival teams, the evident lack of condition of the visitors must be taken into consideration. They were detained in Quarantine over Thursday night, and consequently unable to leave New York until the morning of the match, arriving at Elmwood, the beautiful ground of the Belmont Cricket Club, shortly before noon. As the match was started early in the afternoon, obviously the visitors had very little time to shake off the effects of an ocean voyage. Add to this the advantage gained by the local cricketers in going to the bat on an absolutely perfect wicket, and it will readily be seen that the Australians were severely handicapped from the very outset. Their lack of condition was only too apparent. It would be unfair, therefore, to judge the Australians by their work in the first match; we must wait until they have got into condition before passing final judgment. If the Philadelphians had run up their enormous total of 525 runs under any other circumstances, their performance would entitle them to a high rank among the first-class elevens of the world. Even as it was, with the conditions all in their favor, it was a notable performance.

THE WORK OF THE PHILADELPHIANS showed great improvement over the slip-shod form so often displayed in their matches. They justified the opinion so long held by this department, that, given the proper amount of practice together, they are capable of beating much stronger teams than have been brought over here in recent years. It will not be safe, however, to lay too much stress on the result of the first match. If the native players can duplicate their success in the return match, when the visitors will have attained their true form, they will give their fellow-countrymen just cause for honest pride.

Certain Philadelphians indulged in most unsportsmanlike crowing, prior to the first match, over the advantage gained by the Philadelphians because of the delayed arrival of the visiting cricketers, and the consequent impossibility of their getting either practice or their land-legs. Such crowing is to be deprecated as un-American and unsportsmanlike. We want no victories that are not earned fairly and honestly.

The Belmont Club is to be congratulated on the successful inauguration of its ground as an international arena. The arrangements made for the comfort of the spectators were very satisfactory. A word of praise too is due the club professional Pacey for the excellently prepared wicket.

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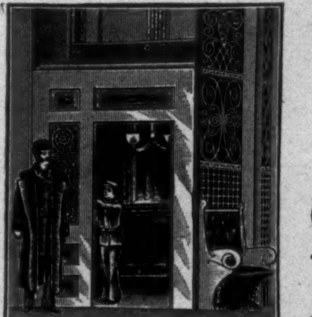

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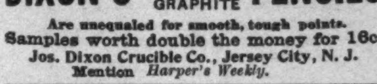

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